

A black and white photograph of two swans on a pond. The swan on the left is facing right, and the swan on the right is facing left. They are both white with long necks. The background shows bare, dark trees and a body of water. The title 'The American Girl' is written in a large, stylized font across the top of the image.

# *The* American Girl

20¢ a copy

*Published by the Girl  
Scouts For All Girls—*

JANUARY 1945

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WAR POWER**



**USE LESS PAPER — SAVE ALL WASTEPAPER**

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# THE AMERICAN GIRL

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY GIRL SCOUTS, 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, N. Y.

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SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: \$2.00 for one year, \$3.00 for two years. Foreign, \$.60 extra a year for postage, \$1.20 for two years. Remit by money orders for foreign or Canadian subscriptions.

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ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVES: A. M. Willcox & Associates, Graybar Building, New York 17, N. Y.; Dwight H. Early, 100 North La Salle Street, Chicago 2, Illinois; Walker and Minton, 403 West Eighth Street, Los Angeles 14, Calif.

VOLUME XXVIII

Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations

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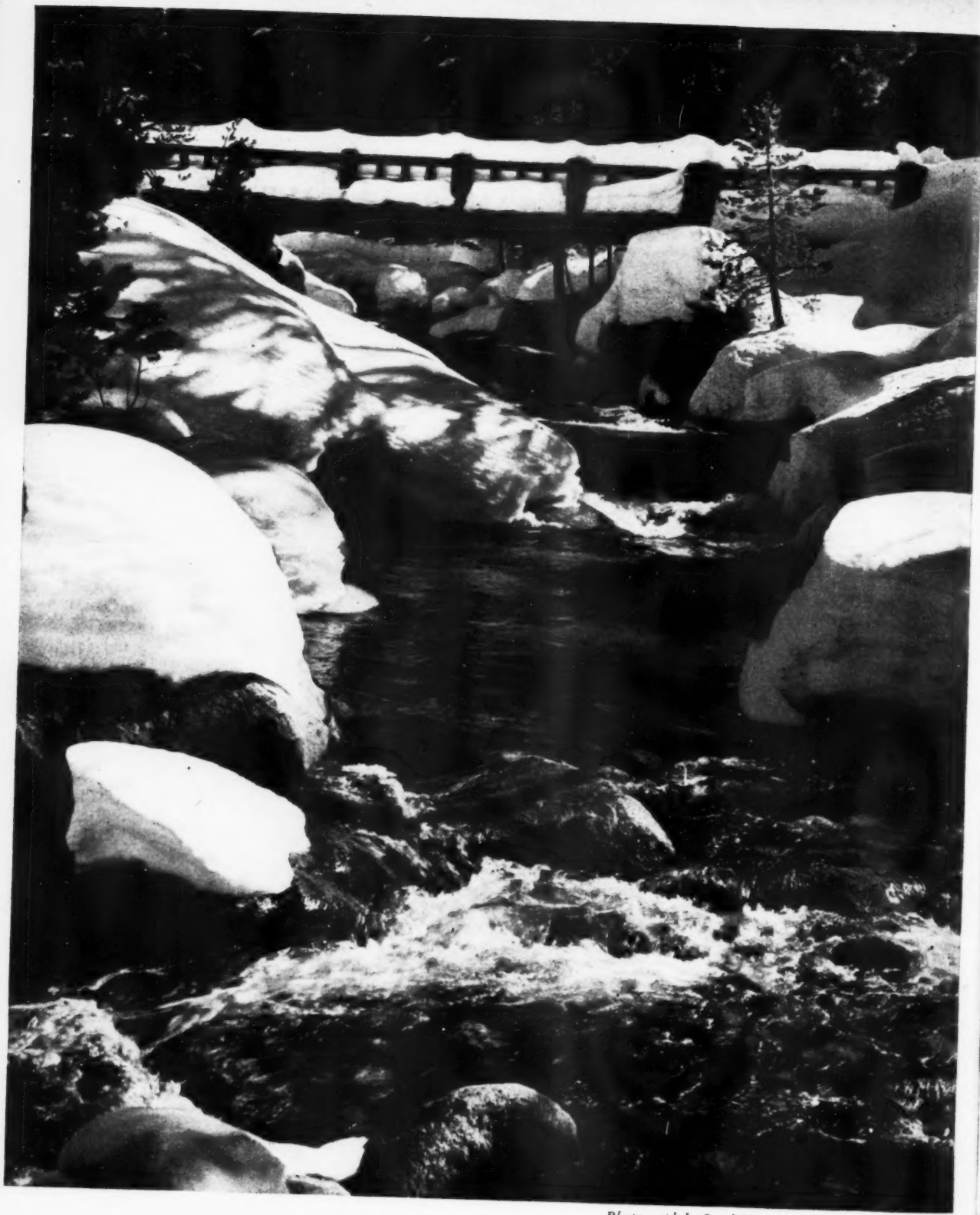


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*Photograph by Josef Muench, Santa Barbara, California*

## JANUARY THAW



# THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

ANNE STODDARD • EDITOR

JANUARY • 1945

## FOR THE LAND'S SAKE

By FRANCES FITZPATRICK WRIGHT

### PART ONE

I READ the life of Joan of Arc when I was in the seventh grade, but little did I think that I, Lucy Ellen Downing, would ever hear unearthly Voices summoning me to a heroic undertaking. I don't mean to say I felt called upon to deliver my country, or anything like that, but in a small and humble way I did hear and answer the call of duty.

All summer I had been working in the bank. It was pleasant enough, but for my life work I would never choose banking. Every payday, by way of celebrating my temporarily solvent state, I invited Fanny to lunch with me. One day in July we met at the Blue Horse, and after we had ordered Fanny said briskly, "Have you made your plans for this fall? Are you going back to college?"

"I hope I am," I answered. "Father hasn't said I'm not."

Father is one of my favorite people, but if he were TNT or the Sultan of Turkey we wouldn't handle him more gingerly.

"You'd better be getting your arrangements made," said Fanny. "You might not be able to get in, if you wait much longer."

"What are you going to do?" I asked. "Are you going back?" Fanny looked at me and it was a significant look, though I couldn't be sure what it signified. "Not if I can help it," she said.

"Fanny!" I gasped. "What do you mean? Are you and Ted going to get married?"

"Well, not at the moment," she said. "With him at a bomber base in England, it couldn't easily be managed. But I don't intend to go back to school. It doesn't make sense when my country needs me."

"Fanny," I murmured, "I am impressed! You sound like



"HEY, LUCY ELLEN, LONG DISTANCE WANTS YOU!"

*Lucy Ellen comes back by popular demand—this time in a serial in which she undertakes a job that would be a challenge to any girl*

Patrick Henry. What do you propose to do?"

"I want to be an Army nurse," she answered.

"I just can't picture you amid the smoke of battle," I said earnestly.

"Amid the smoke of battle is where I aim to shine," announced Fanny. "Look how well I did in First Aid class this summer!"

"You definitely have the knack for nursing," I admitted. "Being a doctor's daughter, I suppose you inherit it. Perhaps I shouldn't go back to school, either. Perhaps I should get a job riveting, or something."

"You couldn't get a job like that, darling," Fanny said, "and if you got it, you couldn't keep it a week. You must work on your father with your usual tact and guile, and go back to Norman Hall and learn to be an ornament to society—in case there's any society left when this war is over."

"You are very superior and patronizing, not to say insulting," I retorted. "I don't intend to be merely an ornament to society. I'm sure I wasn't cut out to be a nurse, but I'm willing to do other things just as essential."

"As for instance?" said Fanny,

impaling me with one of her piercing glances.

"Well," I said, "I could help decode secret messages."

Fanny looked at me pityingly. "Brought in by carrier pigeon, no doubt," she said. "That's what I mean. Romantic you were born and romantic you will die. You don't seriously think you could get that job, do you? What would you do to get it? Run a want ad that said, 'Beautiful blonde, high school graduate with one year of college, no experience, would like job in State Department decoding secret messages brought in by carrier pigeon'?" She burst out laughing.

I flushed. "You needn't be so sarcastic," I said. "The day will

come when you will eat those words. You will see that I'm every bit as patriotic as you are." But at the time I had little idea how soon I would get a chance to make good my boast.

About the first of August Pete, my older brother, went into the Army Air Corps. The reason he waited as long as he did was because he hated to leave Father with the farm on his hands.

"I don't see how Pop can get along with me away," he told Mother. "His rheumatism is getting so bad, he can't do much work. Tommy isn't old enough to be much help. Maybe you all ought to sell the farm and move to town."

Mother looked stricken, simply stricken. "We couldn't do that, Son," she said. "All of you children were born here. And there's my lilac hedge—I couldn't leave it. If Father left the farm, what would he have to be interested in?"

Pete scowled. "There's a lot of work to running a farm, and it's getting so you can't get any help."

"We still have our trusty hired man, Jim," I put in.

"He's anything but trusty," Pete said with scorn. "He can't be depended on to do anything right."

"We'll manage somehow!" Mother smiled across the table at me. "Lucy Ellen can learn to drive the tractor, maybe."

"If it comes to that pass," Pete groaned, "the country's agriculture is doomed. She can't even milk a cow. Anyway, she won't be here. You are going back to school this year, aren't you?" he asked me.

"I suppose so," I said doubtfully. "Father hasn't said I'm not going back."

Just then Father came in unexpectedly from the porch where he had been smoking. "Not going back where?" he asked.

"Back to school," I answered.

Father did not, as I expected, start a tirade about the decadence of modern education, or the outrageous expense connected therewith. He sank into his armchair with a grimace of pain. "Do whatever your mother thinks is best," he said. "I've enough worries without that."

He did not look at Pete, but I knew what was in his mind. I felt very sorry for him because Pete is the apple of his eye. And Father feels that when a man joins the Air Corps he is as good as dead. He hates airplanes even more than he hates automobiles. He never wanted Pete to learn to fly in the first place.

The night before Pete left, Mother had him and his wife, Peggy, and their son Peterkin, the human tornado, to dinner. The dinner was strictly palatable, but no one except Pete and Peterkin had much appetite. We all had a forced and fictitious gaiety that I think is just as dismal as downright gloom.

The week after Pete left, Mother wrote and made a reservation for me at Norman Hall and I began my preparations for going back. It was nothing like last year, though. I mean I was no longer dazzled and starry-eyed, but still I was interested and happy enough.

One day Fanny drove up, just as I was dragging my wardrobe trunk out on the porch to sun, before I began to pack. "Hello, Samson," she said. "It looks like the die is cast and you are going."

I nodded. We sat down, side by side, on the front steps. The sun was warm and the air was hazy with heat and dust. Some of the maple leaves were beginning to turn yellow.

"You look excited," I said. "What has happened?"

Fanny took two letters out of her knitting bag and waved them triumphantly under my nose. "Ted got the Air Medal," she said, "and I'm going to leave next Monday for Baltimore to start my training."

"How wonderful!" I sighed. "But I knew you would get to do it. Has your mother given you her blessing?"

"Well, yes, reluctantly," Fanny said.

It was the last visit I had with Fanny before she left, and when she was gone it was awfully dull for me. Another thing that depressed me was a letter from Harry Lee, saying he expected shortly to be going overseas. It would certainly be strange, I thought, to have an ocean rolling between me and Harry. I mean



Illustrated by MEG WOHLBERG

practically since my infancy Harry has been my mainstay, and I knew that, with him overseas, life was going to be simply bleak. But little does the Army care what a girl thinks about its decisions!

When I sat down to answer his letter, I wrote, "I don't want to weaken your morale, Harry, but I won't deny that I am sunk in gloom at the thought of your leaving for some unknown island or continent. What will I do in your absence for someone to advise me in the crises that often arise in my life? Who will take me to the Christmas Cotillion, if any? Who will buy me steak when the pangs of hunger strike me, or flowers if I am sick abed? Who will skate with me, in case the river freezes over? Who will sing duets with me when the moon comes over the maples and shines on our front porch? You can see that losing you to the overseas forces is to me what losing a regiment would be to General Eisenhower. How I wish I could see you before you leave, but I suppose that isn't possible, is it?"

Secretly I hoped that letter would fetch him home on a furlough, but the next letter I got was a V-mail, closely written, in which he told me he was sitting on top of the equator, feeling like a steak on a broiler and entirely surrounded by tropical plants, anopholes mosquitoes, venomous snakes, and well trained Japanese soldiers. He said, however, that I must not suppose he was unhappy in his lot.

"The quicker we can wind this mess up, the better it suits me," he wrote. "I have some plans for the future in which you are definitely involved. It will be strictly okay by me if no one at all advises you in your various crises, or skates with you, or sings or dances with you, or buys you lunches or flowers. In my absence



"YOU DON'T LOOK  
VERY GAY, LUCY  
ELLEN," SHE SAID

I hope you will lead a studious life. The book I want you to study is a cookbook. In your playtime you can draw a plan for a little white house with green blinds on it, hollyhocks, et cetera, blooming in the yard, a blue convertible parked at the gate with old shoes hanging from the rear bumper, and a beautiful bride and handsome groom going up the walk."

I read the letter four times; then I dried my eyes and went upstairs to pack my bag, for I had to start back to school the next morning. Fanny and Harry and Pete were gone, and each of them was doing a good-sized job. I felt strictly superfluous.

Mother came in with a couple of dozen freshly laundered handkerchiefs for me. "Well, have you about finished your packing?" she asked. "You don't look as a gay young sophomore should."

"You don't look so very gay yourself," I answered. "What's wrong, Mother? Anything special?"

"Not a thing," she told me. "I'm fine!" She patted my

cheek and went out. But I had a feeling that she was worried about something.

I went to bed early that night and went to sleep. It seemed only a few minutes until Mother was shaking me and calling, "Wake up, Lucy Ellen! You don't want to miss your train, do you?"

I staggered down to breakfast. Aunt Susan was serving repulsive quantities of sausage and scrambled eggs to my ravenous young brother and sister, Tommy and Pat.

"Where's Father?" I said. Father is a fiend for early rising. I could never remember him being late for breakfast before.

"He has a terrible cold," Mother said. "I don't think he should get up. I'll take him some coffee on a tray."

Right then something seemed to tell me I ought not leave for school. I mean it really was like the Voices speaking to Joan. Even after we got to the station, with the train in sight and the whistle blowing for the stop, I felt I should not be going. I



clung to Mother tight. "Will you get along all right without me?" I asked. "Is Father in any danger?"

"Not a bit," Mother assured me. "Don't worry. We will be fine. And you mustn't cry. A red nose will spoil the looks of your new hat." She kissed me. Tommy and Pat let me kiss them. I gave old Topper a hug and he licked my cheek. The conductor looked coldly upon this touching family scene. "Board!" he called impatiently.

I leaped up the steps and got to my seat just as the train began to move. I pushed my face against the window and watched and waved until the family was out of sight. Then I leaned back and dabbed my eyes dry and opened a magazine. But I didn't read a line. I watched the landscape flying past and thought gloomily that the spot I loved best was the one I was now leaving at the rate of fifty miles an hour.

**B**UT when I got to school, about noon the next day, I cheered up. It was grand to see the girls again—Pork and Beans, Dora the Texas Ranger, and especially my darling roommate, Mary. Mrs. Crockett was back, beaming and ten pounds heavier, and our puppy, Waif, walking on his hind legs and shaking hands with everybody. It was good to see President and Mrs. Burdett again, and even Sylvester looked better after a summer's absence. There were some cute little freshmen, too. I soon got into the groove again and enjoyed the more or less cloistered and studious air.

Sunday afternoon Mary and I were walking on the campus. A hazy, golden light lay over everything, making the elm leaves look like copper. Occasionally a leaf fluttered down, in a leisurely way.

"It's so heavenly and peaceful out here today," I said, "it makes it hard to realize what it's like in many places now."

Mary glanced down at the RAF wings over her heart. She's engaged to Ran Curtice and he's an RAF pilot. "Yes," she said, "it's hard. And it doesn't seem right for us to be living as normally as we are, in view of what others our age are doing."

"You shouldn't feel guilty," I protested. "Think of all the translating you've done for the Red Cross! All I've done is to knit a few helmets."

We saw Beans coming briskly across the campus. "Hey, Lucy Ellen!" she called. "Long distance wants you."

"Okay, thanks," I said and started running for the dorm.

"Ask him if he's got a friend," laughed Beans.

But it was not a man calling. It was Mother, as I had feared. She tried to make her voice sound calm and casual. "How are you, darling?" she said.

"Fine," I answered. "What's wrong Mother?"

"It's Father," she said and her voice broke a little. "He's in the hospital with pneumonia. The doctor thinks you had better come home. Can you catch the midnight train?"

"Yes, Mother," I answered faintly, "I'll catch it. Tell Father I'll be home tomorrow."

**T**HE trip home seemed endless. I thought I had never been on so slow a train or one that made so many unnecessary stops—and I was thankful when morning came. It was the middle of the afternoon when I began recognizing familiar landmarks. I braced myself with the thought that Mother would be at the station to meet me, but there wasn't a relative in sight, not even a friend. It was drizzling rain and the station looked unusually cold and dirty and forlorn.

I was feeling pretty cold and dirty and forlorn myself by that time, but I managed to get a taxi to take me home. Even the house had the most desolate look. Good old Topper came to meet me, and then the kitchen door banged and Aunt Susan rushed out and grabbed me.

"Lawd bless you, honey," she cried. "Twarn't nobody here to fetch you fum de train. Come in, you look wore out."

When we got indoors, the phone was ringing. It was Fanny's mother. She was agitated. "Lucy Ellen, my poor child!" she ex-

claimed, "I meant to be at the train to meet you. I promised your mother I would. But I was busy at the blood bank and the time slipped up on me. Are you ready to go to the hospital now, dear?"

I told her I was ready. Aunt Susan hurriedly served me some food and a cup of strong coffee. The coffee tasted good, but I could not touch the food. Home seemed so strange, so terribly strange and empty without Father storming around. The thought that he might die was so unbearable that I got up suddenly from the table.

"Aunt Susan," I said, "what does the doctor say about Father? Is he going to get better soon?"

"De Lawd only knows, chile," she answered. "'Pears lak he been gittin' wurser every day since dey taken him down dere. Oughten ter took him away fum his home. Ought'er lef' him ter die in dis same ole house whar he wuz bawn."

"He isn't going to die anywhere, Aunt Susan!" I sobbed. "He is going to get well. Don't say such things!"

"De Lawd know bes'," Aunt Susan said disapprovingly.

I was awfully glad when Mrs. Oliver came and I could leave. She is a brisk and buoyant woman, and she chatted all the way to the hospital about the blood bank, and about Fanny and her work in Baltimore. At the hospital door she left me. I thanked her and went inside.

The reception room looked so big and grim that my heart faltered. I went to the information desk and stood, but the girl there was busy. Then the elevator door slid open and my little sister stepped out. Even the bands on her teeth looked beautiful to me. She threw her arms around me and neither of us could speak for a little while.

"Is he any better?" I whispered.

Pat shook her head and blinked her eyes fast, to keep back the tears. We held hands tightly, going up in the elevator. At the fourth floor we got off and walked on tiptoes down the long corridor. At Room 37, near the end of the hall, Pat stopped. I could hear someone in there, breathing hard. I covered my ears.

Pat tapped once, very lightly. In a minute Mother came out. She looked like she had been through the siege of Stalingrad. She kissed me and held me tight without saying a word.

"Can I see him?" I whispered. "Does he know I'm here?"

Mother shook her head. "He's unconscious, darling," she whispered. "Wait in the sunroom with Tommy and Peg." She went back to her post.

Pat and I went into the sunroom at the end of the hall. Peggy and Tommy were there, patiently playing checkers. We waited. The murky afternoon darkened into dusk. Lights came on in the buildings across the street. We could look out the windows and see cheerful people hurrying home from work, just as if nothing was the matter.

After a while we went to the drugstore and had sandwiches and cokes and returned to wait some more. Pat and Tommy looked mighty young and solemn as the night wore on. Finally they began to nod and then fell asleep in their big wicker chairs. Peggy and I watched the clock. I thought about all the people who had sat there before us and watched that clock in desperation. Fanny can have my share of hospital life and welcome!

At five minutes to twelve the nurse came to the door. She looked pale and tired, but she smiled and said gently, "He is going to make it! His pulse is stronger and he is sleeping naturally."

I burst into tears of relief and Peggy covered her face with her hands.

**A**BOUT two weeks later, Mother called to tell us she was going to bring Father home and that we must have his room ready. Luckily Pat had a holiday and she helped me. We scrubbed the windows until they were practically invisible. We waxed the furniture and the floor. We vacuum cleaned the rugs and draperies and lighted a fire in the grate. We put a bowl of yellow chrysanthemums on the bedside table, (Continued on page 26)



SAM MADE A SWEEPING GESTURE WITH HIS MITTENNED HAND AND MR. PIKE REINED IN



# THE SPRUCE POINT MYSTERY

By MARGARET LEIGHTON

"SLEIGH-BELLS!" Rita halted abruptly to listen, her scarlet skating-suit bright on the snowy road. Gerry, Rick, and Sam paused, too, as the sound grew more distinct in the silence of the snow-muffled countryside.

"Those *are* sleigh-bells, aren't they?" Rita asked.

Gerry nodded. "Maybe we can thumb a ride!"

"Do you know, I've never had a sleigh ride in all my life?" Rita announced.

The other three looked at her in surprise. They had lived in this small New England town all their lives, while Rita was a holiday visitor from the city.

A sharp drop in temperature had followed a three-day snow-storm—a combination welcome and unusual. The lake, which lay some two miles out of town, would be frozen hard, they knew, and it would be free of snow. At the beginning of the Christmas vacation, this was almost too good to be true. It was only a minor inconvenience that the road was blocked by drifts. The hike along the country road through the dazzling winter woods was half of the fun. All four had their skates; Rick carried a knapsack of food for a picnic, while Sam pulled a light toboggan.

Around a curve, under white-burdened evergreen boughs, appeared a stout old horse, jogging along with a low box-sleigh behind him. The driver's cheeks and nose glowed red as holly-berries between his high sheep-skin collar and his pulled-down cap.

"Why, it's Mr. Pike from the store!" said Gerry.

Sam made a sweeping gesture with his mittenned thumb and Mr. Pike reined in his steed.

"This cold enough for ye?" he called. "Goin' skatin' over to Wrights' Pond? Get aboard if you want to—you can hitch that toboggan to the back of the sleigh, Sam. I thought I'd be pickin'

*All the houses on the lake were closed for the winter and looked pretty desolate—but the house on the Point seemed drearier than the rest*

up passengers somewhere along the way."

"This is wonderful!" Rita cried, as the four settled themselves on the straw-covered bed of the sleigh. The bells chimed again, silvery-clear in the bright, frosty air and they started smoothly forward. "Lots better than a car and no gas-coupons to worry about, either," she went on.

"It'll mebbe do until the snow-plough gets through," Mr. Pike admitted. "The plough's laid up over to Chester—won't get here for two-three days."

Sam was examining a large carton beside him. "Are you delivering groceries today, Mr. Pike? That's service, I'll say!"

"Yep. Takin' 'em over to Jed Wright's, across the lake. They been havin' a lot of trouble—more than their rightful share. Jed's been laid up since that heart attack he had last summer—and now the two boys and the little girl is down with measles. Doc stopped in to the store, said they was kind of low on victuals so I reckoned I better take out some provisions along with his medicine."

"The measles? Oh, that's too bad!" Gerry exclaimed. "And nobody to do anything for them, with Wally overseas now." Her face grew sober under the bright blue knitted cap on her brown curls.

"Then you got this sled out just to make that trip? I call that pretty nice of you, Mr. Pike," Rick said.

"Shucks!" The old man cracked his whip and his horse pranced like a colt, setting the bells chiming louder. "Glad to do it. Wanted to see if Dolly still had it in her—she ain't been pullin' much but the garden cultivator for a good spell of years now. But just look at her! As much bounce in the old girl as ever."

From the top of a rise the shining expanse of the frozen lake lay before them.

"Doesn't it look swell?" Rick exulted. "Couldn't be better.

And there's no one else there yet—we'll have it to ourselves!"

Ahead, where the road dipped into a hollow, the snow had drifted deep. Judging by the telegraph poles, it would be well over Dolly's head. Mr. Pike pulled to a stop. "Well, by crikey!" he exclaimed.

"It always drifts in here—the wind gets a clean sweep across the lake," Rick said. "But I never saw it that bad before. There must be a mile of it."

"I can't get the sleigh through there," Mr. Pike said with finality. "And I can't lug no twenty-pound box the eight miles around the lake to the Wrights', neither."

"But look!" Gerry cried, as the thought came to her. "It's eight miles *around*, but it's only a mile or so *across*. We can load your box on Sam's toboggan and skate over there with it."

"A good idee!" The old man nodded his agreement. The box was transferred and Mr. Pike maneuvered Dolly around on the narrow road until he was headed back to town. "This is a load off my mind. Thanky!" he said. Cracking his whip once more, he was off with a wave of his hand and a jingle of bells.

Sam lashed the carton to his toboggan. There was enough of a slope between the road and the lake to make pulling it a light task—he even coasted on the back of the toboggan part of the way. And when once they reached the ice, it slid along almost of its own volition.

The four seated themselves on a fallen log near the water's edge to put on their skates. "It couldn't be smoother if it was a city rink," Rita cried, looking out at the mirror-like surface. "But isn't the wind cold?"

"Lucky it wasn't blowing while the ice was freezing—it would have been like a wash-board," Sam told her.

"It's not so very cold now," Rick added. "It was below zero last night, but the thermometer's been climbing fast. It's just the wind that makes it seem so." He knotted the laces of his walking boots and draped them around his neck. "All set, Gerry? I can put your shoes in my pockets if you like."

Sam disposed likewise of Rita's shoes and the four started out over the ice. A graceful, feathery pattern of white curves grew under their skates on the gleaming surface. The wind was strong and stinging, but it came from behind them and the exercise soon warmed their blood.

"I can't understand why there aren't more people here," Rita said, looking about. "I should think a wonderful place like this would be simply covered with skaters."

"There aren't enough people in our whole town to do that," Sam chuckled. "Besides, most of them are satisfied to skate on the river right in the village. But we think this place is special, even though it *is* hard to get to without a car or when the roads are blocked."

"There are plenty of people here in the summer," Rick added. "From early spring until late fall all these cottages are occupied. The fishing's good, and they come for that."

Rita glanced at the shore and noticed for the first time the cabins barely visible through the pines and birches along the water's edge. The shuttered windows stared blankly out upon the frozen lake.

"They look pretty forlorn now, don't they?" she said. "Kind of spooky, too."

"Especially that one on the end of Spruce Point!" Sam's freckled face was mischievous. "That one's haunted."

Rita turned round blue eyes upon him. "Honest? You're fooling!"

"Honest!" Sam assured her. "Ask anyone in town. A year ago last fall the State police cornered a bank robber in that house and caught him. He was sent to prison and later he died there. Folks say his ghost haunts the place."

Rita looked in fascinated horror at the small, gray-shingled cottage set all by itself on the rocky point toward which they were headed. The dark spires of the spruce trees that gave the place its name thrust up thick and shadowy all about it, almost black against the dazzling snow.

"Is the ghost troublesome?" she asked. "What does it do?"

"Moans and howls. At least that's what the tenants who rented the cottage last summer, said. It bothered them so much they wouldn't stay."

Gerry had been listening to this exchange with barely concealed irritation. "I wish you wouldn't talk like that, Sam," she scolded. "Spreading those stories is doing a lot of harm."

"What do you mean?" Sam asked in surprise. "Everyone knows that's why the Wilsons left—they said it was the ghost."

"The Wrights are having enough trouble without *that* piled on top of it," Gerry protested.

"The Wrights? Why, that's so—the cottage does belong to them," said Rick.

"Of course it does. It was the old Wright homestead—that's why this lake is called Wrights' Pond," Gerry went on. "But the land on the Point isn't much good, so they built the new house up on the hill. The old place almost went to rack and ruin until Wally Wright got the idea of fixing it up to rent to summer people. It was his idea that it would bring in some income for his family while he was away in the Army. He worked awfully hard at it—did all the repairing himself. It's such a shame that awful man had to pick this particular place to hide in—and then that story got started! The Wrights couldn't rent the house last summer after the Wilsons left—and they're terribly hard up."



"Whatever made those people think it was haunted?" Rita persisted.

"Nothing but superstition," Gerry said. "Someone told them about the robber being caught there, and then I suppose they heard some noise they couldn't explain and were silly enough to think it was a ghost. They were city people and probably were scared out of their wits by ordinary country noises like hoot-owls, or a loon crying on the lake at night."

"Let's go nearer so we can see it better," Rita suggested, but Rick pulled her back.

"No, we'll have to keep well away from the shore. There are springs just off the Point, the ice isn't safe there," he said. "Besides, I want to get this errand done and then have our bacon-fry. Aren't the rest of you hungry at all?"

They skirted widely around the peninsula where the low-roofed house huddled under the spruces. Beyond, the shore-

line curved inward to a small, sheltered cove. On the open hillside above stood the Wrights' farmhouse, solitary in the unbroken sweep of snowy field and meadow.

"This is the closest we can get on skates," Rick said. "Sam and I will haul the toboggan up there. There's no need of anyone else coming—they're quarantined so we can't go in, anyway. Maybe you gals could be gathering wood for our fire? I'll leave my knapsack with you and hope for the best. In among those big boulders looks like a good, sheltered place."

By the time the boys returned from their errand, the aroma of frying bacon and toasting buns rose to welcome them.

"Was Mrs. Wright surprised?" Gerry asked.

"I'll say she was! When we explained about Mr. Pike, she just stood there in the doorway and began to cry," Sam told them. "We didn't know what to do then, so we shoved the stuff inside the door and beat it."

WHEN the hot bun-and-bacon sandwiches and the hot cocoa out of the thermos had been put away with gusto, they headed out over the ice toward the hill on the far side where Sam planned to use his toboggan.

"Oh, it's colder than ever!" Rita shivered, as the first blast of wind caught them.

"Here's a cure for that! Tag, Gerry, you're it!" And Rick was off with a dash and clatter of skates.

Gerry tagged Sam before he realized that a game was in prog-

ress. He let loose a wild war-whoop, dropped the rope of the toboggan, and started after Rita who screamed obligingly and fled. She had learned her skating on city rinks; she was not particularly fast, but her figure-skating had made her adept at turns-and dodges, and Sam found her an elusive quarry. Watching their darting figures grow small in the distance, Gerry was startled by a sudden shout from Rick.

"Look out!" he yelled. "Keep away from the Point!" And he flashed past her at top speed.

It was obvious that the others hadn't heard his warning. The wind was blowing in the wrong direction to carry the sound and their ears were muffled by their heavy caps. Sam, absorbed in the swift game, hadn't noticed, apparently, where they were heading. Almost before Gerry had realized what the danger was, it had happened. There was a loud, echoing crack, a scream of terror, and Rita's small scarlet figure had disappeared into a heaving pool surrounded by jagged edges of ice.

For a horrified moment Gerry's mind ceased to function. Then it began to work again. "A rope!" she told herself. "A ladder—a pole? No, the toboggan!" She picked up the rope and sped, pulling the toboggan as fast as she could to where Rick and Sam were already lying flat on the ice, trying to work their way out to the broken edge.

"That's the girl!" Rick told her, briefly.

The flat toboggan would not break the ice. Sam, the lighter of the two boys, stretched himself upon the glassy surface, pushing the toboggan cautiously ahead of him.

Rita's arms were thrashing feebly above the black water. In a moment her hands had caught the edge of the toboggan in a desperate clutch, and Sam—himself being hauled backward from the danger zone by Rick and Gerry—pulled her slowly but safely out upon the ice.

But safe wasn't the word for it, Gerry realized. Rita's face was ghastly, her lips blue. The water dripping from her scarlet suit was beginning to freeze already. "I'm so cold!" she moaned between chattering teeth.

Something must be done quickly—but what? They piled all their outer clothes upon her, but they knew it would be fatal to try to get her home in this bitter wind. Simultaneously the same thought struck them all. They turned toward the cottage on Spruce Point, the two boys supporting the numb and stumbling girl between them. Still on their skates they struggled up the slope and through the deep snow to the cottage door.

"Of course it's locked!" Gerry muttered. But while she held Rita close,

Illustrated by CORINNE MALVERN



SUDDENLY RICK FLASHED PAST HER. "LOOK OUT!" HE SHOUTED AGAINST THE WIND. "COME BACK HERE!"



two pairs of football shoulders made short work of the latch. With a splintering crash the door swung open.

Instantly, from inside the dim, shuttered house, a hoarse, groaning sound rose into a wild shriek, then died away.

Rita lifted her head, roused from the stupor that was engulfing her. "What was that?" she asked.

Sam's face had turned as pale as his freckles would allow, Rick was wide-eyed with fright, and Gerry, too, felt the prickle of terror along her spine. But her fear for Rita was stronger. There was simply no other place to take the half-drowned girl.

"Just—just the door creaking," she said, realizing as she spoke how idiotic an answer *that* was.

Rita was too dazed to question further. Her head drooped and her knees were sagging.

"Bring her inside, boys," Gerry said, stepping purposefully across the threshold. Her skates clattered on the wide, bare boards of the floor. "I've been in here before—I'm sure there'll be some blankets stored away somewhere." She pulled open a closet and the smell of moth-balls greeted her. "Yes, here they are!" She spread an armful on the floor in front of the dark, cavernous arch of the fireplace. "Put her down here, and then get some wood as fast as you can. I'll take her wet clothes off while you're gone. There must be wood and an axe in the kitchen, or the back shed."

The two boys tore off their skates, pulled on their boots, and hurried out. A moment later the sound of quick, chopping strokes told Gerry they had found the necessary tools. She set to work to strip off Rita's wet clothing, then to roll her in a cocoon of blankets, rubbing her vigorously with the rough wool from head to foot until she herself was panting for breath.

"How do you feel now?" she asked.

"Better, I guess!" Rita's voice sounded small and exhausted. Valiantly she tried to smile, but she could not succeed in keeping her teeth from chattering. Chills shook her slender body.

"Here come the boys with the wood! Once we get a fire, you'll be warm as toast," Gerry assured her. She wasn't letting herself think of anything but Rita, though the sound of the shriek which had greeted them was still ringing in her ears.

The boys began to lay kindling and logs in the huge fireplace, while Gerry unlaced her skates. "I remember Wally telling about how he made over this chimney," she said, mainly to make conversation. "He rebuilt the inside of it according to some scientific measurements he got from M.I.T., so it would give out the most heat for the least fire. But he was careful not to spoil any of these old bricks. They were made by hand, at least a hundred years ago, at the old brickyard that used to be down at the end of town."

Sam touched a match to the kindling and sat back on his heels. But instead of bright tongues of flame, a cloud of smoke rose and curled back into the room. "Wally must have got his figures mixed," he said, coughing. "This isn't my idea of a good-drawing chimney."

"Must be a draft closed, up in there—we should have thought of that," said Rick. He raked out the kindling which had ignited and tramped out the fire. "Open the door and let out some of this smoke while I have a look."

Sam opened the door. With the rush of air swirling through the room came once again that low-pitched moan. It rose to a spine-chilling scream; then, as before, faded away. It seemed to come from all about them, to fill every corner of the house.

Rita lifted her head from among the blankets. "This is the haunted house! You've brought me into the haunted house!"

This time Gerry could find no answer. Her mind kept telling her there *must* be some simple, logical reason for that horrible sound, but what could it be? She looked at Sam, and saw her own panic reflected in his face.

Rick, who was still crouched beside the hearth, suddenly gave a shout. "It's here—in the chimney! There is something in the chimney that accounts for that noise whenever the door is opened and makes a sudden draft. Come on, give me a boost, Sam! I'm going to find out what it is."

Sam bent over in the great arched opening while Rick mounted his back and then his shoulders. Only his feet were visible to the others in the room.

"Can you see anything?" Sam asked.

"I wish I had a flashlight," Rick answered coughing. "I can't see much. Here's the spark-grating and there's something—there, I've got it!" Soot showered down and a cloud of it billowed out into the room. There was a thump and a jingle, and a large, heavy object lay on the hearth at Sam's feet.

Rick descended from Sam's back—or was it Rick? He was barely recognizable, his face coated with soot.

"What is it?" Rita sat up in her mound of blankets.

"It's a bag—a satchel," Sam said, examining the sooty object.

"It looks like what doctors carry," Gerry added. "Open it! Let's

see what's in it. Do you suppose it could be *treasure*?"

Sam loosened the strap and peered inside. "Tools!" he said. "Just a lot of tools!" Disappointed, he dumped them out on the floor.

Rita began to giggle hysterically. "They look like plumbers' tools. I think your ghost was just a plumber who forgot his tools and kept coming back for them," she cried.

"Plumber nothing! Those are burglar's tools!" Rick said. "I haven't read all that detective fiction for nothing. These must have belonged to that bank robber—you remember, he had cracked a safe? He must have stuck them up there so the police wouldn't find them as evidence against him—and the bag blocked the chimney so that it made that awful noise. That's the end of the ghost, I'll bet. Open the door, Sam, and we'll see."

Sam hurried to fling the door wide, but only the wind greeted them. "Solved!" he cried, shutting the door again. "And now how about that fire?"

When the fire was burning again on the hearth and color had returned to Rita's cheeks, they built (Continued on page 42)

## Duncan Phyfe's Tool Chest

(In the Museum of the New York Historical Society)

BY FAIRFAX DOWNEY

Here in their ordered, neat array

Lie tools with which a master wrought—

Chisels and vise and saw and plane,

Still sharp and true, without a stain,

As when the hand of genius sought

To shape and carve and hew away.

Forth the God-given power surged;

From logs of prime mahogany,

Table and chair and light settee

In forms of grace and charm emerged.

So when America was young,

Worked Duncan Phyfe, the wise old Scot,

Adorning with his lyre motif

And ears of wheat and clover leaf.

These tools, each resting in its slot,

Superbly fashioned back and rung;

A treasure chest, this, open still,

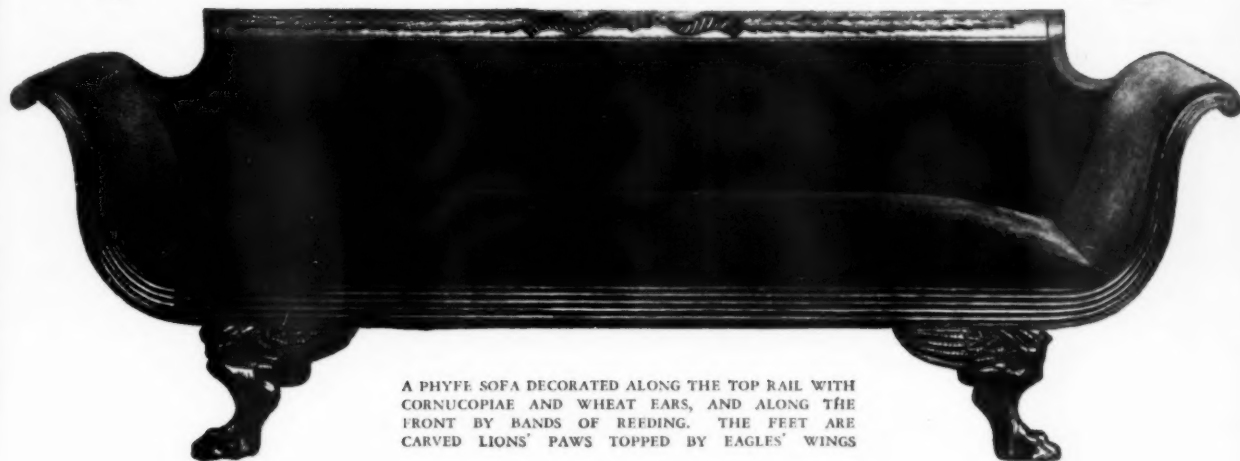
Yet shackled, barred, secured, it stands,

As if by lock on iron bands—

Vanished its key, the craftsman's skill.



# DUNCAN PHYFE *and his* FURNITURE



A PHYFE SOFA DECORATED ALONG THE TOP RAIL WITH CORNUCOPIAE AND WHEAT EARS, AND ALONG THE FRONT BY BANDS OF REEDING. THE FEET ARE CARVED LIONS' PAWS TOPPED BY EAGLES' WINGS

By ALICE WINCHESTER  
*Editor of ANTIQUES*

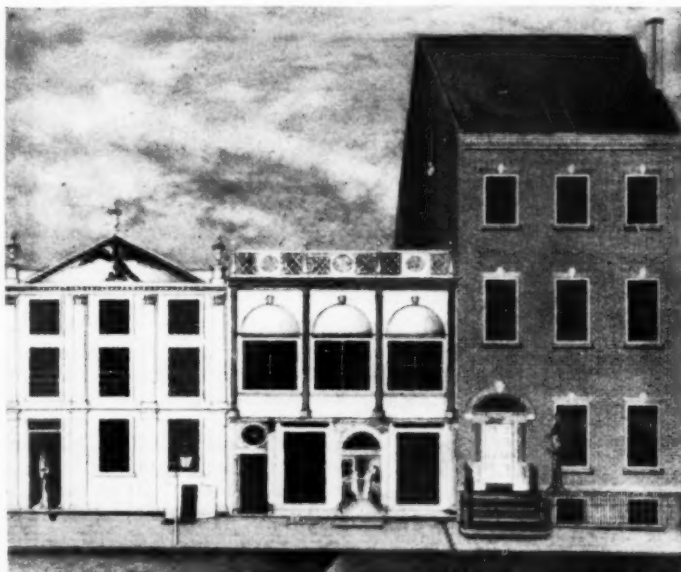
ONE day in the early 1790's, while George Washington was President of the new United States, a young man named Duncan Fife arrived in the city of New York. He was in his early twenties, short and slight and reserved in manner. His birthplace was Loch Fannich, not far from Inverness, in Scotland, but already he had been in America long enough to feel at home here, for he had come when he was about sixteen with his parents and his numerous brothers and sisters. The family had settled in Albany, New York, and Duncan had had time to set himself up in business there. But he was ambitious and, like countless other ambitious lads before and since, he longed to try his fortune in the big city. Soon after he arrived he changed the spelling of his name to Phyfe, perhaps because he thought it more elegant, and it is as Duncan Phyfe that he has been known ever since.

In those days New York was the capital of the young republic. It was an important place and it was

*The story of the artist craftsman whose beautiful furniture is now housed in art museums or treasured in private homes*

growing fast—though to us it would seem little more than a village. It had no skyscrapers, of course, and many of what are today its busiest streets were country lanes, or woods and rocks and brooks. But compared with what it had been when Henry Hudson spied Manhattan island, or even when the English won New Amsterdam from the Dutch and rechristened it New York, the town was an up-and-coming place.

In many ways it was still a Dutch town. Some of the leading families had Dutch names like Van Rensselaer, Stuyvesant, Van Cortlandt, Verplanck, and some of the older buildings looked as though they might have been in Holland. But there were also many people of English descent, besides a number of French. In those early days, just as today, New York was a place that attracted people of all kinds and nationalities and was already acquiring a cosmopolitan air. It became the home of well known writers such as Washington Irving, James Fenimore Cooper, and William Cullen Bryant; and of



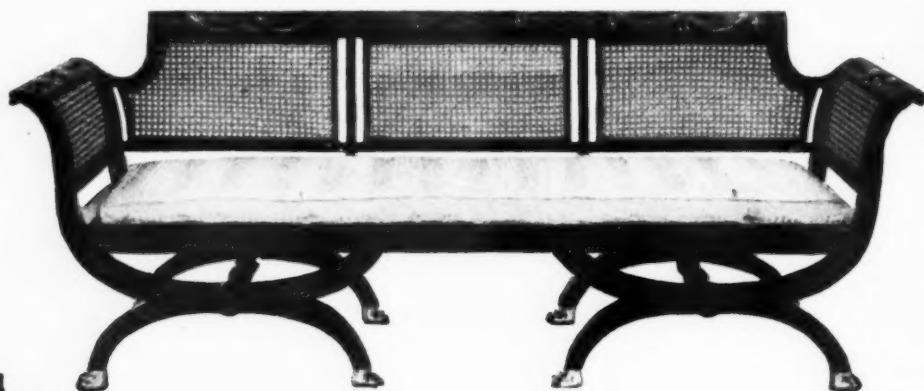
Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art  
WATER COLOR SKETCH OF THE HOUSES ON PARTITION STREET, NOW FULTON STREET, NEW YORK WHERE PHYFE LIVED AND WORKED



A DUNCAN PHYFFE SIDE CHAIR SHOWING FINE WORKMANSHIP IN THE PANELED LEGS ENDING IN PAW FEET, THE REEDING OF THE SIDE SUPPORTS, AND CARVING OF THE BAR WHICH HOLDS THE MEDALLION

*Ginsburg and Levy, owners*

*Below:* TAMBOUR MAHOGANY SEWING TABLE. WHEN THE LID IS LIFTED A WRITING TABLE AND LITTLE COMPARTMENTS ARE REVEALED. PHYFFE OFTEN USED A PEDESTAL ENDING IN FOUR SPREADING LEGS SUCH AS THE ONE PICTURED HERE



THIS LOVELY PIECE IS NOW IN THE MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS IN BOSTON. IT IS TRIMMED WITH PANELS OF CANING AND CARVED WITH CORNUCOPIAE, WHEAT EARS, AND FESTOONS OF DRAPERY. THE CROSS-LEGGED SUPPORTS, COPIED FROM ANCIENT CLASSIC DESIGN, END IN TIDY BRASS PAWS. LEG SUPPORTS ARE REEDED

*D Phyffe*

*Reproduced by courtesy of  
The Magazine ANTIQUES*

DUNCAN PHYFFE'S SIGNATURE AS HE WROTE IT IN AN OLD BOOK WHICH IS NOW IN THE POSSESSION OF HIS GREAT-GRANDSON, F. PERCY VAIL

such important artists as John Trumbull, John Vanderlyn, Robert Fulton, and Samuel F. B. Morse. It was a money-making place, too, where people engaged in business and commerce, and liked to spend the money they made on fashionable homes, fashionable clothes, and fashionable entertainment.

Times had changed indeed since the days when the earliest settlers had made the long voyage from England to build new homes in America. One of the first things they had needed was furniture, for whether it is a pioneer's log cabin in the wilderness, or a comfortable city apartment, a house is not a home until it has something to sit on, something to eat on, and something to sleep on. But those early Colonists could not go to a near-by store and buy their furni-

ture ready-made. They either had to bring it with them or make it by hand from the wood that grew plentifully in the American forests. As years went on, a great deal of furniture was imported from England, and a great many furniture makers, or cabinet-makers as they were called, were imported, too. They found the Colonies a profitable place for their business. But there were no big factories where hundreds of chairs, or tables, or beds, were turned out just alike. Pieces had to be ordered specially, and then the purchaser had to wait, sometimes a long time, while they were being made.

By the time the American Colonies declared their independence from England and became States of the Union, there were many fine houses here, fitted with handsome furniture and luxurious silver and glass and china and linen. New homes were constantly being built, and Duncan Phyffe was to supply the furniture for some of the finest of them.

In those days, it was the custom for a boy to learn the "art and mystery" of a trade by serving several years as an apprentice to a master craftsman, helping in the shop until he became skillful enough to set up for himself. Duncan's home in Scotland was in a rather barren sheep-raising country, where there was no demand for fine furniture and little opportunity for a boy to learn how to be anything but a shepherd. So it was probably in Albany that the lad learned his trade of cabinetmaking. We know surprisingly little about him, however, before he appeared in New York, and little enough even after that.

Young Duncan found plenty of competition in New York, for there were a number of able cabinetmakers already well established there. At first he had hard sledding, for he was quite unknown and people preferred to patronize the older and more fashionable shops. But Phyffe's ability was equal to his ambition, and in time he built a reputation for himself. He succeeded in

selling some furniture to the wealthy and prominent John Jacob Astor, and after that he was able to attract some of the fashionable clients in New York. People recognized his work as among the best in the city, and his business began to grow. By 1795 he had established himself in a house on what was then called Partition Street, because it divided the city proper from the open country north of it. On this street, which was later rechristened Fulton Street in honor of Robert Fulton of steamboat fame, Phyffe stayed until he died, in 1854. During those long fifty-nine years, his business grew so big that he had to have much larger quarters. He kept his original house as his salesrooms, and added two others for workshop and warehouse, and still a third across the street for his home.

In 1793, while he was still struggling to gain a real foothold

In New York, Duncan married a girl named Rachel Lowzada. In time they had a family of seven children, four sons and three daughters; and when the sons were old enough, two of them went into their father's business. Phyfe was strict with his children, as he was with himself, and it was a rule of the family that everyone had to be in bed at nine o'clock "so as to get up in the morning."

Though Phyfe turned out fine and often elaborate furniture for sale, the furnishings of his own house were simple, except in the best parlor. Of course there were no electric lights, or central heating then, and the house was lighted with oil lamps and heated—downstairs only—with coal stoves. It had one bathroom, and there were mahogany washstands in the bedrooms. But though simple, the furnishings were of good quality as was suitable for a man of Phyfe's means. At his death he was worth nearly half a million dollars—this cabinetmaker who had come to New York sixty years before, poor and unknown, to seek his fortune!

Demands for fine furniture by Duncan Phyfe came even from beyond New York City—from Philadelphia, New Jersey, and up the Hudson River. Obviously, Phyfe could not fill all these

in rather simple styles was popular. Fashions in furniture change, just as fashions in clothes change, though not so rapidly. Young people, about to be married and to move into new homes, want furniture that is new and different from what their parents had, so the furniture designers, just like the dress designers, have to keep thinking up something new. A generation or so before Phyfe began to work, the fashion in furniture had been for fairly elaborate, ornate pieces, with curved legs and luscious carving,



THIS SOFA IS ALSO DECORATED WITH CORNUCOPIAE IN THE CENTER OF THE BACK RAIL, BUT THE SHEAVES OF WHEAT IN THE PANELS AT THE END ARE HELD TOGETHER BY ELABORATE KNOTS OF RIBBON. LEGS ARE REEDED

orders single-handed. In time he employed more than one hundred men, which was a great many for those times. He not only filled special orders, but kept his warehouse full of finished pieces so people could go to his shop, just as one can go to a store today, and buy all the furniture necessary for a home. He had fine mahogany pieces for the drawing room or the dining room, and also such useful household objects as ironing boards and clotheshorses. He also repaired furniture expertly. Eventually, Phyfe's clientele spread over nearly all of what was then the United States. He shipped pieces as far as South Carolina, and even made a four-poster bed for the black emperor of Haiti, Henri Christophe.

Duncan Phyfe's popularity during his lifetime was due entirely to the excellence of his designs and workmanship. He was no ballyhoo artist. He did not even advertise in the papers. In fact, we know little about the man himself. He seems to have been quiet and unassuming, wholly wrapped up in his work and his family. He was so modest that he would never sit for his portrait, not even for a daguerreotype. It is by his work that we know him today, and that is what has earned him the reputation of America's greatest cabinetmaker.

When Phyfe first started in business in New York, furniture

with curlicues and trimmings of various kinds. By the time Phyfe came along taste had shifted; people were demanding straighter lines and simpler decoration. At this time, there was great interest in ancient Greece and Rome with which people were getting acquainted through excavations of long buried ruins. They tried to imitate the classic designs of those early lands, in furniture, architecture, and dress.

Houses that looked like little Greek temples were built in American towns; ladies wore high-waisted, (Continued on page 39)



A SHIELD-BACK CHAIR MADE BY DUNCAN PHYFE ABOUT 1795. THE CARVED DRAPERY SWAGS AND OSTRICH PLUMES WHICH DECORATE THE BACK WERE POPULAR WITH CABINETMAKERS AT THAT TIME

Below: A WORK TABLE WITH THE CLEVERLY HIDDEN INTERIOR FITTINGS AND GADGETS WHICH CHARACTERIZED DUNCAN PHYFE TABLES. THE LEGS, CARVED WITH ACANTHUS LEAVES, ALSO HAVE BRASS TIPS MOLDED IN SIMILAR FORM

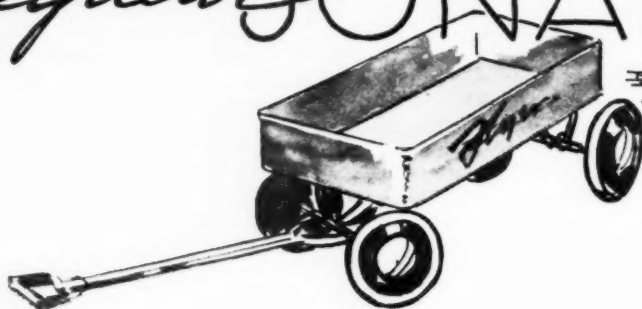
Charles K. Davis, owner of sofa and table







# A Regular JONAH



*Dilsey Mercer puts forth her best efforts to help out in a crisis — with results which you can judge for yourself!*

By MARY AVERY GLEN

DILSEY MERCER dashed home from the Merriams' house, slipping in the slush as she ran, for a tricky January sun was rapidly melting the last night's heavy fall of snow. She hurried around to the back door and burst into the kitchen.

"What's the trouble, Mother? You scared the life out of me!"

Mrs. Mercer raised a flushed face above the glass cups into which she was pouring golden batter. Her daughter thought she looked very pretty in spite of the worried line between her eyebrows. Under a gingham apron she was wearing one of her nicest wool street dresses, and her best hat and fur coat hung on a kitchen chair.

"Oh, Dilsey, I'm glad to see you! I never was in such a mess. I hated to 'phone and spoil your Saturday afternoon with the Merriam girls, but I had to do it. I simply had to have help."

"Yes, Mother," Dilsey agreed sympathetically, shedding her coat and scarf. "What shall I do? Where's Selah?"

"Out shopping. There are some good bargains today in Baker and Pettit's basement—work dresses. So I let her go for the afternoon. And, then, of course, this had to happen!" Mrs. Mercer set out another baking pan filled with cups.

"What happened? You haven't told me yet. Aren't you going to the church fair?"

"I'm going right away," her mother said nervously.

"But what are you doing now?" Dilsey insisted, bewildered. "Cooking for it? I thought your booth sold aprons."

"I have to tell you in snatches, dear, because I'm too busy to stop," Mrs. Mercer said. "You see, old Mrs. Terwilliger was to handle the food booth at the fair. We always take in more money on food than on anything else. And she was to make three dozen cup custards. I don't approve of custards myself. They're too hard to carry home, and it's a bother to return the cups. Half of these belong to Mrs. Haskell—she rushed over with them. But Mrs. Terwilliger wanted to bake custards and the others thought it would be all right. They've been saving up boxes for weeks." With a hand shaky from haste she dusted a sprinkling of nutmeg on top of each filled container.

"But I was going to tell you! Just as I was dressing to go, word came that Mrs. Terwilliger had had a sudden chill this morning and had gone to bed. She was all alone in the house at the time and too sick to let us know. She's better now, but of course she couldn't do anything for the fair. After lunch her daughter from Keyesville happened to come in, and 'phoned the committee. It left us short-handed—and in a terrible hole. This sale is the first affair the Women's Guild has undertaken since our new minister came. And the proceeds are our offering to the Red Cross."

"I suppose they wanted you to take her place?" Dilsey guessed.

"Yes, they did. The chairman was desperate. At first I said

I couldn't, positively. I had to look after my own booth. But they couldn't get anyone else, and Mrs. Haskell offered to take the aprons in with the fancywork. So I flew around like mad and got the custards together, as you see. I shouldn't have attempted them on such short notice—but I did! And now I haven't time to bake them. That's where you come in, dear. They'll have to be baked in three batches, for the oven isn't big enough to take care of them all at one time. I'll put in the first lot right away, and you can bake them and then start the others. I'm already past due at the church."

"All right, Mother," Dilsey answered capably, getting Selah's apron from the closet. "I'm your man. How long do I leave 'em in?"

"Exactly twenty-five minutes—each batch. They'll be nicely set by that time. The oven is turned to the right heat. The batter for the others is in the pantry. You'll have to fill the other cups, and don't forget there must be hot water under them in the pan. Except for that, there's nothing to do but to put them in and take them out."

Shoving the custards into the oven, Mrs. Mercer glanced over her shoulder at the clock. "At half past two this batch will be done. This seems a pretty big order for you, Dilsey. You won't forget and let them burn, will you? Or spill the batter or anything? You know, you're pretty careless sometimes."

"No fear of me," Dilsey assured her. "I'll be right on the job. I came home to stand by you, Mother," she added a little reproachfully.

Mrs. Mercer smiled. "I know, dear! And you're a great help. Thank you." She stretched up and kissed her tall daughter on the cheek, then turned to put on her hat before Selah's mirror over the sink.

Dilsey helped her into her fur coat. "You're going to smother in this. It's like spring outside."

"I know," Mrs. Mercer said, slipping into the sleeves. "But I wouldn't dare leave it off in January."

At the kitchen door she turned back. "Oh, Dilsey, one thing more—please try to get Selah on the 'phone and ask her to come to the church as soon as she possibly can. I'll need her to help with the booth, to wrap things up. She'll be through shopping by and by, and maybe you can catch her at her sister's. Keep right after her, dear! If she isn't there at first, try again. Call until you get her."

Left to herself, Dilsey felt proud and important. This was a big responsibility that her mother had shifted to her shoulders; the unexpected size of the job put her on her mettle. She determined to see it through to a triumphant finish.

She intended not to take her eyes off the clock, but a sudden thought distracted her. One point her mother had not made clear. The three dozen custards must be taken to the church as



soon as they were done. But how was she to carry them?

The question was a poser, but a glance through the kitchen window suggested a solution. Across the snowy expanse of lawns and hedge, Alaska, the next-door neighbor's colored cook, stood on the back porch shaking out a duster—and below, on the shoveled walk, a dusky small boy wearing a red knitted cap and mittens ran up and down with shrill cries, pulling a brightly painted express wagon.

"The very thing!" Dilsey thought. "Alaska's little boy has an express wagon. I'll run over and borrow it. I won't mind pulling it through the street. I'd be doing my bit for the Red Cross."

So absorbing was this new problem that she completely forgot the clock, and was presently shocked to see that the hands pointed to exactly half past two. "My goodness," she cried aloud, springing to the oven door, "suppose I'd left 'em in five minutes too long!"

The custards looked perfect. Smooth and golden brown and delicious. Good enough for anybody. Dilsey drew them out tenderly and carried them to the pantry to cool. She was elated, and so careful with the second lot that not one drop of batter fell on the table. She even remembered the nutmeg, which seemed almost too much to expect. "But this time I'm not going to trust myself to watch the clock. I'll set the alarm. Then I can't miss."

She was beginning to feel like a busy housewife with many calls upon her time. No one was at home when she phoned Selah, but Alaska, next door, was very pleasant about the loan of the express wagon. Fortunately her boy had tired of playing with it and was romping gleefully in the snow. "Ah ain' nevah stingy wid de Lawd, Miss Dilsey," Alaska had testified, pressing the tongue of the wagon into Dilsey's hand.

Dilsey wheeled the wagon through the gate in the hedge and parked it below the steps of the kitchen porch. She was back in time to hear the clock proclaim that the custards were done, and was overjoyed when the oven delivered up a second batch as excellent as the first. She hung over them fondly. "Not bad for the world's worst dumbbell!"

Carefully she slid the third dozen into the oven—and these, also, in due time, baked to golden-brown perfection.

Diving into her coat, Dilsey gingerly carried the pans down to the express wagon. The last lot were still smoking. "I don't dare cover them with paper or anything," she worried. "They're too hot and soft. But they'll cool on the way to the church."

Ready to start, she came to a sudden halt. "Wait a moment! I'll try to get Selah again on the 'phone. She may be back now."

This time Selah was at her sister's home, and like the faithful soul she was, she acceded willingly to Mrs. Mercer's request. "Okey-doke, Miss Dilsey. Yo' tell yo' Ma Ah'm a-comin'."

The flagged walk which stretched from the kitchen porch to the front gate, close to the side of the house, was shoveled, thanks to Stan Mercer's early morning industry, and Dilsey pulled her precious load along it with an occasional anxious look back over her shoulder. Then she stopped, unbuttoned her coat, and flung it wide. "Pheew, but it's hot! You'd think it was the first of April."

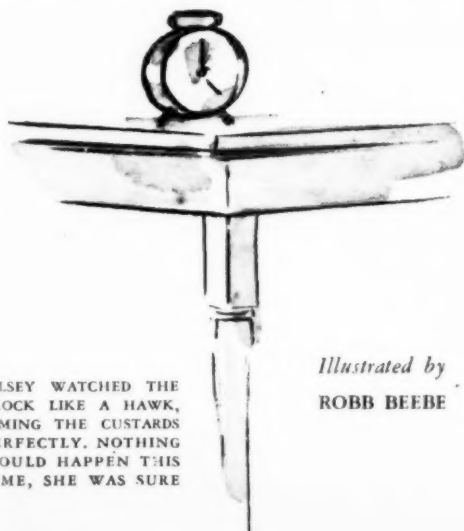
As she bent to pick up the tongue of the wagon, there was a sudden rumbling above her head, almost like the growl of a swooping airplane, and before she could raise her eyes, a crash. A crushing impact nearly knocked her down. Engulfed in a deluge of snow and slush, she gasped, sputtering, and with both fists rubbed the icy spray out of her face. There was snow in her hair and snow in her ears, snow all over her—and dirty snow at that!

"What in the name of sense? Who did that?" she demanded, looking up indignantly. "Oh, that horrid snow on the roof! It's all slid off on me!" Ruefully, she rubbed her battered head.

But the real damage was yet to be discovered. Suddenly Dilsey awoke to her loss. "My custards!" she screamed, pouncing upon the wagon. "My custards! Oh, my custards! They're ruined!"

Definitely, the custards were ruined. The pyramid of slush which topped the cart, black with soot from the chimney, as-

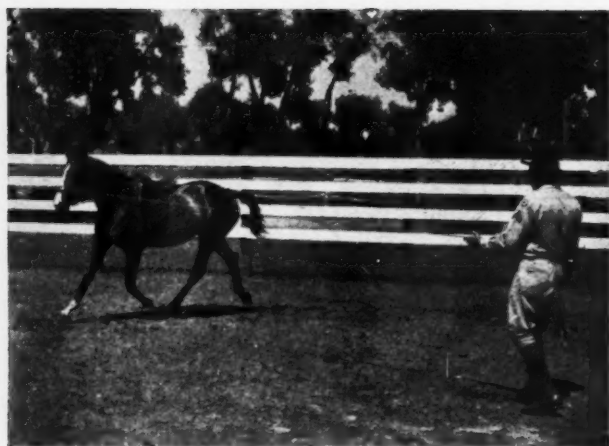
(Continued on page 31)



DILSEY WATCHED THE CLOCK LIKE A HAWK, TIMING THE CUSTARDS PERFECTLY. NOTHING WOULD HAPPEN THIS TIME, SHE WAS SURE

Illustrated by  
ROBB BEEBE





*There is nothing outdated about horses and mules in wartime — they still serve faithfully on many battlefronts*

By MYRTIE L. BARKER

NOT long ago, in discussing the use of horses in time of war, General Pershing said, "There is not in the world today an officer of distinction, recognized as an authority on military matters in a broad way, who does not declare with emphasis that cavalry is as important today as it ever has been."

The United States War Department records reveal many instances during this World War II where the horse cavalry has been used on forays into enemy territory. These missions have been executed with speed and daring.

Not only is the cavalry the eyes and ears of the ground forces, but the "feeling hand" of air observation as well. It forms the fingers of the Army, probing out what the air observers have not seen or cannot clearly see from their vantage points.

It is the cavalry that ferrets out strongholds of the enemy which have either been well camouflaged or concealed, identifies the exact location on a map and transmits this information to supporting air or field artillery units. As was the case in Sicily, where dense woods covered the terrain, detection of enemy installations could only be made by ground reconnaissance parties. The same has been found true in many islands of the Pacific



Left: A SNAFFLE BRIDLE AND A SADDLE WITHOUT STIRRUPS ARE PUT ON, THEN THE HORSE IS SCHOOLED ON THE "LONGE" UNTIL HE IS AC-CUSTOMED TO BOTH. Below: WHEN HE IS USED TO CARRYING A MAN ON HIS BACK HIS GAIT IS INCREASED FROM A WALK TO A TROT



## THEY SERVE



ALL TROOPERS' MOUNTS MUST BE ABLE TO JUMP OBSTACLES AT LEAST THREE AND ONE HALF FEET IN HEIGHT. THIS ONE IS BEING TRAINED TO GO OVER A LOW HURDLE. Left: HERE, A WELL TRAINED ARMY MOUNT JUMPS A PERMANENT OBSTACLE

Photographs on this page by courtesy of U. S. Army Signal Corps

where dense foliage and jungle growth proved valuable for the secreting of high-powered enemy installations. When you hear "reconnaissance units" mentioned in press or radio, they probably refer to cavalry troopers.

As recently as December, 1938, our cavalry was overhauled to fit modern needs. The "white arm," as the French used to call the saber, is no longer a part of the cavalryman's equipment. In fact, the cavalryman of today never fights mounted. His horse is a means of transportation, and he himself is armed much as infantrymen are.

Soldiers are trained in horsemanship at the cavalry school, Fort Riley, Kansas. Not only must the cavalryman be an adept horseman, but he must be an engineer. It is often necessary for him to examine a bridge and learn just how many tons it will carry. This information is flashed back to the commanders, who

Right: AN AMERICAN SOLDIER LEADING A PACK ANIMAL INTO TERRAIN OVER WHICH MOTORIZED VEHICLES WOULD BE NEXT TO USELESS. Below: THE FOUR-FOOTED SURENESS OF PACK ANIMALS IS NECESSARY TO THE TRANSPORTATION OF SUPPLIES OVER ITALY'S STEEP SLOPES



## THEIR COUNTRY



A SOLDIER PULLING THE LEAD ROPE AND ANOTHER TO GIVE ENCOURAGEMENT FROM THE REAR ARE NEEDED FOR EVERY MULE IN THE PACK TRAIN. Right: MEN OF THE FIELD ARTILLERY IN NEW GUINEA TESTING A PACK MULE LITTER WHICH IS STEADIED TO PREVENT ROCKING

*Photographs on this page by U. S. Army Signal Corps*

can lay plans accordingly. Sometimes, he must blow up bridges, lay mines, or take up mines. He is trained to employ a knowledge of distance, direction, maps, stars, and landmarks to guide him correctly. And the steed he is to ride—he must go to school, too.

The trained horse of war is quite unlike the horse of peace. A wisp of paper, a sudden noise may send the horse that pulls the milk wagon, or paces some local bridle path, into a flurry of excitement. The horse of the cavalry must stand quietly while the very earth is shaking with the tumult of battle. Noise and confusion must hold no terror for him; and surprises in the way of ditches and steep declines and great expanses of water that he must swim are to be accepted as a matter of course. How this fearlessness is achieved is a most interesting process.

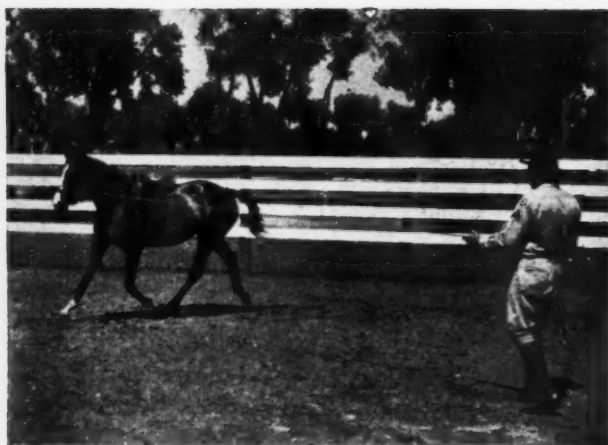
The training of the war horse begins at birth. He is handled and groomed with the greatest gentleness. To learn to lead is his first lesson. Then comes the wearing of a bridle, and an introduction to a blanket and saddle. So gently are each of these steps taken that the young colt is hardly aware of his breaking. People with little knowledge of equestrian matters make a big issue of teaching a colt to lead. They almost always face the animal and pull on the rope with all their strength, while the horse pulls back stubbornly. At the war-horse training stables, a horseman simply grasps the halter rope, turns his back and walks forward, and the horse obediently follows. It's as simple as that.

The bridle the cavalry uses on these beginners is called a *cavesson*. It's a very comfortable piece of equipment until the horse gets to cutting up, then a pull on it tightens the whole affair and presses on nerves on each side of the horse's head. A long line called a *longe* is tied to the ring on the cavesson, and the horse is allowed to run in merry circles at the end of the longe. If he trots around placidly his bridle is pleasant, but if he starts rebelling he gets some bad pains in his face. So it is that he learns to accept the cavesson.

After a few days of this control, a blanket and saddle are placed on his back. He may resent their presence, but another session with the cavesson usually fatigues him enough to submit to the new equipment. In careful order the training proceeds. The horse gets used to the feel of the saddle on his back, to the squeaking of the leather, and the (Continued on page 35)







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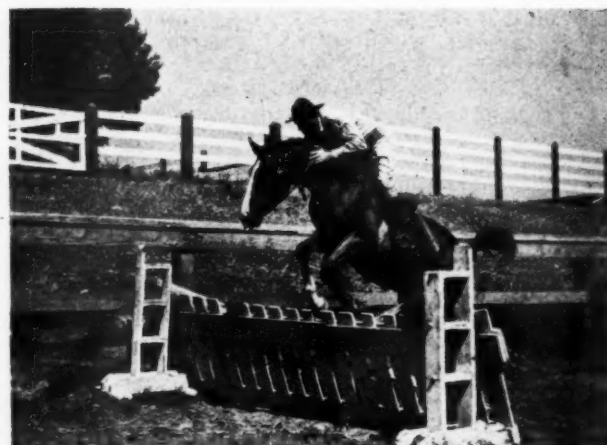
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Illustrated by  
SYLVIA HAGGANDER

## JOBS *in* GIRL SCOUTING

By ROBERTINE McCLENDON

**W**HEN I am grown up"—how often you say those words! You are thinking of the fun you'll have some day in the future, the clothes you'll wear, the friends you'll make. And more and more often, now you are in your teens, you are wondering, "What kind of a job shall I have? Is there anything I can do to prepare myself to fill a job successfully when the time comes?" You hope you'll be able to find the kind of work best fitted to your abilities and tastes. You're terribly eager that it shall be important and interesting work. You want to earn your living, of course—but not merely that. You want to *count* in making a better world when the war is over.

Have you ever thought of becoming a Girl Scout professional worker? A career in Girl Scouting offers salaries comparable to those in other fields of work, chances for advancement, and an opportunity to give real service to young people of all races and creeds—and service to youth is one of the most important and interesting fields of work in building the kind of postwar world we would all like to live in.

Many girls have told me that they would like to be Girl Scout workers when they are old enough to take jobs, and they **want** to know what they can do *now* to get ready for that kind of work. This article is for them, and for you, too. Here are some of the things you can do, both now and later on, which will stand you in good stead in your chosen profession.

Every girl who is considering being a Girl Scout worker should cultivate the habit of storing up a large and varied fund of information, just like having a savings account in the bank. The more she saves and the more regular she is in the habit of saving, the bigger her account at the end.

Now, while she is in school, she should bear in mind that not only history, English, foreign languages, arithmetic, geography, and the other subjects are important in building the foundation for a successful career, but that the ability to get along with friends and classmates is also most important in the kind of work she hopes to do eventually. Being a member of the cast of the play to be presented at the chapel program, for example, or being

the reporter for the school paper for her grade are activities of school life which give valuable experience to the girl who plans a career in Girl Scouting. The determination to do well any job she may undertake, to share work as well as fun, are attitudes the future Girl Scout worker will need to cultivate.

A girl is never too young to establish habits of personal cleanliness and neatness in dress. If she is neatly dressed to start the day at school in the seventh grade, she will probably be spic and span when, as a Girl Scout professional worker, she goes to the Women's Club to talk about the local day-camp program. This personal appearance item is an important one. The Girl Scout uniform stands for good personal grooming as well as community service, and it behooves the Girl Scout worker to keep her uniform in immaculate order and to be sure her posture, her hair, her nails, and her skin are also immaculate.

If the girl who plans a career in Scouting is already a Girl Scout, she can begin her preparation by becoming the best Girl Scout she is capable of being. Living the Promise and Laws is a big step in the preparation process. The qualities of character that are in the Promise and Laws—honor, loyalty, kindness, friendliness, helpfulness, cheerfulness, courtesy, thriftiness—are desirable in any job, but especially so in Girl Scouting. The fact that the Girl Scout worker must set an example for girls to follow is one of the challenging features of the job, for only her best will do.

Knowledge gained as a Tenderfoot, a Second Class, and a First Class Girl Scout is valuable preparation. Troop activities give the candidate for a position in Scouting many skills and the ability to handle herself well in many kinds of situations. They bring familiarity with wide fields of life that, later on, will help her, time and again, in her job. Her Scouting may lead to a hobby which will equip her to render valuable service when the opportunity comes. For example, there is a story about the Girl Scout who learned to signal with the Morse Code so that she and her Girl Scout friend a block away could send messages to each other; she worked on signalling regularly after school; she kept up her practicing while she was in college—and because of this hobby, she became the girl our Government needed for relaying messages when contacts were established along the Gulf Coast for controlling the German spy menace. In the same fashion the Girl Scout of today may develop a hobby, just for the fun of it, which will prove to be of unexpected value in her job tomorrow.

It is a logical step for the girl who succeeds in becoming a good camper to become a counselor in camp when she is eighteen years of age—or, if she is a Senior Girl Scout, to become a Program Aide in camp at the age of sixteen. This gives her experience (valuable later in her Girl Scout job) in working with people and in carrying out program activities with younger girls. The next logical step will be to follow up her camp counseling with the preliminaries for an adult job in professional Scouting—and she will want to know what these preliminaries are.

A college education is necessary for a Girl Scout professional worker and, looking forward to her job, her college studies should give her a broad, general foundation as well as specialized knowledge in psychology, sociology, and economics. Both the Personnel Division at the National Girl Scout office and the student advisers on the college faculty will give the student guidance about the best subjects to take.

A girl who is interested in preparing herself to become a Girl Scout professional worker may secure full information at her local Girl Scout office, or by writing to the Personnel Division at National Girl Scout Headquarters, 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, New York.

The specialized Girl Scout course, called the Professional

Orientation Course (look up "orientation" in your dictionary!) comes after graduation from college, or during the first year as a professional Girl Scout worker.

The applicant for a position in professional Girl Scouting must apply to the Personnel Division of National Girl Scout Headquarters and be approved. Her name is placed on the list of available workers; and when there is need for a worker with her qualifications, her record is sent to the local Girl Scout Council which has applied for professional help.

The Girl Scout Council, a group of responsible men and women in a community, hire the Girl Scout worker, usually for a year at a time. They employ the person they think best suited to the community, considering the job they want done in relation to the training and experience of the candidate. The Council usually considers several candidates before selecting the one they eventually employ. They are assisted in this by the lists and records of available workers sent them by the Personnel Division at Girl Scout National Headquarters.

The national Girl Scout organization is a tower of strength for the Girl Scout professional worker. Because of its nation-wide point of view, it is able to give expert assistance and advice, both by correspondence and personal contact, since it maintains a highly capable and specialized staff. The Girl Scout program maintains its progressive quality because of the ability of the national organization to secure the advice of outstanding experts in the field of education, to pool resources, to serve as a clearing-house, and to relate local and national activities. Every Girl Scout professional worker knows that the national Girl Scout organization is standing with her to give her backing and encouragement.

The Girl Scout worker is needed in cities and towns to advise and guide; to see that plans which have been made are carried out; that the girls in the city or town in which she works have someone to represent them; and that the program and activities are what the girls really want to do. She works with Girl Scout leaders, with mothers and fathers of Girl Scouts, and with other citizens, to the end that the girls may have fun, adventure, and the opportunity to develop themselves at their best.

With the Girl Scout Council, she must work with other professional people in other civic organizations in the community, such as representatives of the Boy Scouts, the city recreation organization, the welfare organization, the Red Cross, the Rotary, the Kiwanis, and the Altrusa Clubs, in order to provide the community with a well rounded civic program.

The Girl Scout worker is called an *Executive Secretary* when she carries the full responsibility for the progress of Girl Scouting in a city or a town. When the responsibility is divided, as in a large city—usually on a geographical basis—she is called a *Field Secretary* or a *District Secretary*. If she does a particular kind of job, such as leader training only, she is called a *Functional Secretary*. When she has had considerable

experience in one or more of these local jobs, she may be a *Traveling Executive Secretary*, who serves several different communities during the year as a temporary executive.

A trained but inexperienced worker may begin her career in professional Girl Scouting at a yearly salary of \$1500 to \$1800 (\$125 to \$150 per month) depending upon the size of the community. As she becomes more experienced, is able to assume greater responsibility, and takes further training, she will be eligible for jobs paying from \$2000 to \$3000 per year; or, in large cities, from \$4000 to \$5000 per year.

While the daily duties are varied in the life of a Girl Scout worker, they are all related to serving the best interests of girls. A typical day is something like this: arrival at the office; getting things in order for the day; reading (Continued on page 27)

*A young professional Girl Scout worker, who was formerly a Girl Scout, tells about the type of work she does and advises you how to prepare yourself for an interesting job in this field*



# A MILLION *and* MORE AIR



*Left:* THIS IS A WING SCOUT



THIS IS AN INTERMEDIATE SCOUT



*Left:* THIS IS A SENIOR SERVICE SCOUT



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*Below:* THIS IS A GIRL SCOUT TROOP LEADER



THIS IS A NATIONAL STAFF MEMBER

THIS IS A RANGER AIDE



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# AMERICANS are GIRL SCOUTS

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Right: MRS. ALLAN H. MEANS,  
PRESIDENT OF THE GIRL SCOUTS



Right: THIS IS A GIRL SCOUT  
PROFESSIONAL WORKER



Right: THIS IS A FARM AIDE



THIS IS A MARINER

Left: THIS IS SOMEONE WHO JUST  
COULDN'T WAIT TO BECOME A GIRL  
SCOUT! ANNE MARTHA BAGBY, FROM  
PRINCETON, INDIANA, IS SIXTEEN  
MONTHS OLD AND WISHES THAT SHE  
WAS QUITE A LITTLE BIT OLDER



THIS IS A BROWNIE

Right: THIS IS  
A NURSE'S AIDE



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*Senior Girl Scouts came from fourteen States for a conference at Camp Edith Macy, New York, last September. Here is a report of their discussions*

A GROUP OF SENIOR SCOUTS CONFERRING ON THE PORCH OF ONE OF THE UNIT HOUSES, CAMP EDITH MACY



ONE OF THE SENIORS WEARING A "MACY," AS THE UNIFORM WORN IN CAMP IS CALLED

## LET'S GET TOGETHER

By ANNE NEW, *Girl Scout National Staff*

**I**S this *you* talking?  
 "How can we find out about the jobs we're best fitted for?"  
 "How can we meet foreign Girl Scouts after the war?"  
 "How can we do things to help other people?"  
 "How can we let everybody know what a really Senior job we can do?"

Maybe it *was* you talking! For these are some of the questions that girls like you are asking, according to fifty-three Senior Girl Scouts who met at Camp Edith Macy, in Westchester County, New York over the Labor Day week end.

They came from fourteen States to talk about what high school girls need and want to do during wartime. They decided which of these interests could be a part of Senior Scouting, and they suggested ways of putting the most important things into the Senior program right away.

The youngest delegate was fourteen and the oldest was seventeen. They were busy girls; each one belonged to at least one club besides Scouting—and one girl belonged to ten! Many of these clubs had a very close tie-up with Scout interests. Some of the Wing Scouts, for instance, were members of the Civil Air Patrol. Others used their Scout training on the student council, or on the board of the Teen-age Canteen.

They chose the topics for the conference by answering a questionnaire that was sent them in the summer. Forty wanted to talk about how to build international friendship and understanding. Thirty-eight added, "Discuss jobs." Twenty-seven mentioned homemaking and the creative arts; and there were thirty-eight miscellaneous topics, most of which were covered at some time or other during the conference.

They asked for help from experts and the Girl Scout national organization took them at their word. Miss Josephine Schain, only woman member of the U. S. Delegation to the International Conference on Food and Agriculture at Hot Springs, in 1943, spoke on techniques of international co-operation and answered questions afterward. Dr. Mary H. S. Hayes, Relocation Officer for the War Manpower Commission and formerly director of the Vocational Service for Juniors, gave tips on jobs. Mr. Charles Ferguson, senior editor of the *Reader's Digest*, lead the discussion on citizenship. Miss Rufie Lee Williams, of the Office of Price Administration, gave help on budgets; Mrs. Forrest Irwin, Jr.,

director of the national Girl Scout Farm Aid Camp at Wallkill, New York, talked about work camps; and Miss Eloise Davidson of the *New York Herald Tribune* Home Institute summed up for homemaking.

On all these topics the delegates wanted to know, "What can we do?" and "What can Scouting do to help us?"

This is what they decided:—

1. That high school girls can start to build interracial and international friendship at home, working through Scouting and student government in co-operation with other clubs, to see that girls of all colors, religions, and home backgrounds get an equal chance for honors, community service, friends, and good times.



THE FIFTY-THREE SENIOR GIRL SCOUTS AT THE CONFERENCE



(The Senior Scout advisers are working on material now that will give you help in doing this.)

2. That girls in high school can and should help choose their own adult leaders. (Follow-up: There'll soon be a pamphlet for high school girls to show how you can help organize your own Senior groups.)

3. That teen-age girls should get together more to do city-wide and regional planning about their own clubs, and that they should have a chance to meet with other organizations in the community. (To which we add: Suggestions for holding more Senior conferences are in the works and will be coming to your local Senior Scout groups soon.)

4. That there ought to be a bulletin, exclusively for Seniors, to tell them what new ideas are coming along and what other Seniors are doing. (Plans for that bulletin are a-making now.)



Left: A MARINER AT MACY. Just below: TWO SENIORS THRASH OUT A HARD PROBLEM. Bottom: ENJOYING A BOX LUNCH OUTDOORS AT ONE OF THE CAMP UNIT HOUSES HIGH UP ON THE HILLSIDE

5. That there should be more opportunity for Senior Girl Scouts to work with the grown-up Local Council. (There are various ways of doing this and several of them will be suggested to Councils soon.)

Finally, the delegates recommended that we tell everybody that Senior Scouting is for high school girls, just as Intermediate Girl Scouting is for girls in junior high or late grammar school, and Brownie Scouting is for early grammar school. And they asked us to remind you girls who are thirteen and fourteen to "get ready for Senior Scouting." (In the article which follows, Miss Edith W. Conant of the Girl Scout national staff, tells you how. Some interesting new pre-Senior programs will be coming to you soon.)

Come spring, Senior conferences will probably be popping up all over the country, modeled on this Westchester meeting. If one of the fifty-three delegates was from your home town, she can tell you that there's no better way to start some action on things you want to do. Some of the things the conferences will discuss this year include boy and girl parties and projects, planning for jobs, interracial and international friendship, new things to do—like being a Wing Scout, or a Ranger Aide—, getting together with other high school clubs on city-wide projects for all teen-agers, making the most of your personality.

Girl Scout national headquarters has suggestions to help you get started on any or all of these. Whether you're of Senior age or not, you can begin to plan your club program now.

## HOW TO PREPARE FOR SENIOR SCOUTING

By EDITH W. CONANT, *Girl Scout National Staff*

If you are thirteen or older and are looking forward to Senior Scouting, here are some ways to get ready:—

1. Accept as much responsibility as you can for good government and program in your troop. Your leader will be glad to see you growing up, getting ready to run your own show and to help with community plans.

2. If you are working for First Class rank, choose for your major either *International Friendship*, *Community Life*, or *Homemaking* badges. They lead into many Senior activities.

3. If you are already a First Class Scout, look in the *Girl Scout Handbook* for the Curved Bar requirements. They were designed especially for thirteen- and fourteen-year-old Girl Scouts to prepare them for Senior Scouting.

4. Invite some Senior Scouts to your meeting and ask them to tell about their program. Ask their advice about activities, or badges, that would help you fit into a Senior troop in the quickest possible time.

5. Choose one of the Senior programs that interest you and earn some of the badges that will help you enter Senior Scouting with advanced standing. For example—if you want to be a Mariner, earn *Swimmer*, *Life Saver*, *Boating*, *Personal Health*; to be a Ranger Aide (described in the November *AMERICAN GIRL*), *Campcraft*, *Explorer*, *Outdoor Cook*, *Animal Finder*, or *Bird Finder*; to be a Hospital Aide, *Home Nurse*, *Child Care*, *Personal Health*; to be a Wing Scout, *Weather* (new project obtainable from Program Division), *Explorer*, using aviation emphasis, *Transportation* and *Communication*, activities No. 4, 8, 9, 12, 13, 15.

6. Look around your community and decide what kind of service you can and would like to give. Choose badge activities that would prepare you to do this well and at the same time fulfill the Senior Service Scout basic requirements. For example: *Foot Traveler*, *Cook*, *Handywoman*, *First Aid*.

7. Give your personal appearance, your social poise, and your ability to get on with girls, boys, and adults a careful inspection. Maybe you need

a little advance practice and polish before being ready for the grown-up affairs that are part of Senior Scouting. Badges that will help you are *Hostess*, *Clothing*, *Group Music*, *Troop Dramatics*, and other badges in the creative arts.

*If You Are Not Already a Girl Scout:—*

Find a troop of Girl Scouts who are your own age and ask if you may join it; or you might gather together your friends and help find a leader for a troop that

can graduate into Senior Scouting in a year or so.

New program ideas are being prepared especially for you, or you can start with any of the activities described above and work out a fun-and-service program. If there are no Senior Scouts in your town or neighborhood, get ready to form the first Senior troop. It's always fun to start something new!

*If you wish information about starting a Girl Scout troop, write to Girl Scouts, attention Field Division, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y.*



Photographs by Paul Parker

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# FOR THE LANDS SAKE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

and on the table by his armchair we put his specs, his newspaper, and his pipe. As Pat said, we didn't want the room to look as if anyone had been sick.

We thought they would never get there, but about dark we saw the ambulance coming up the drive. The men brought Father into the house on a stretcher. I could hardly bear to look at him. Father looked like a ghost, and he had always been so ruddy.

He spoke to me in a husky whisper, "Well, Lucy Ellen, when did you get home? Glad to see you."

I patted his cheek and told him I was glad to see him, too. Pat wanted to show him her report card, Tommy wanted to tell about the bull-calf born while he was away, and Aunt Susan tipped in, shaking the room only slightly, to inquire if he would care for some nice chicken broth. Then Mother said Father must rest from his ride home, and she sent us all out.

At supper that night, Pat said virtuously, "I said my prayers every night, and always wished on the first star."

"Wished what?" asked Tommy, his mouth, as ever, too full.

"That Father would get well, dope," she said.

But Father, it soon appeared, lacked a lot of being well. The next day, when the doctor came, he said, "Now, Mr. Downing, what you need is sunshine and plenty of it. I want you and Mrs. Downing to go to Florida and get a little cottage for a month or so. I want you to lie in the sun and soak it up. It will do you more good than any medicine I could give you here."

Father grunted. He said his disposition had been ruined by the outrageous and unreasonable doctors he had had to deal with. "Like you," he said, "telling a hard-up farmer like me to go to Florida! It's out of the question! My cows would dry up, my corn would rot in the field, my hay and tobacco would never get marketed. I would be a ruined man."

The doctor laughed and went out. But that night Mother told me that Father's heart was weakened. "If he stays here," she said, "the doctor says he will overtax his strength and it might be fatal. What are we to do? I wonder if you could go with him to Florida and let me run the farm?"

"Mother, no!" I protested. "Father might have a heart attack and I wouldn't know what to do. He wouldn't eat the food I'd fix. He would be lonesome for you. I'm no good at nursing anybody. You go with him. I'll stay here and run the farm."

Mother looked mighty dubious. Then she said, "If it's a case of life and death, Father's health must come first. The farm will have to go."

"You think I can't run it," I said, "but I am sure I can!"

We fixed a tray for Father, and when we carried it in Mother said playfully, "I think you and I have earned a little vacation in Florida, Ed."

Father glared. "Now, Mary," he said, "how in the name of common sense can I go to Florida? Pete off at war and the only help left is Jim and he—" The thought of Jim's shortcomings threw him into a spasm of coughing. He sank back, exhausted, and the

subject was dropped—for the moment, anyway.

The doctor wasn't so timid. Next day he examined Father's chest again and shook his head. "I'm hired to give you good advice, Ed," he said. "You'd better go to Florida and stay there a while. Take your fishing tackle with you. I wish somebody would order me to take a vacation."

Father didn't answer. He just frowned and looked old and worried.

When the doctor had gone, I ventured to speak to him. "Listen, Father," I said, "I could run the farm while you are away. I want to. I've been wishing I could do something to help win the war. I might learn more running the farm than I would learn at school. Tommy can do a lot, too, and Pat can help some. Cousin Emmie would stay with us at night, sometimes, for company, if we were lonely."

Father chuckled. "Remember the verse you children used to say, about how 'the little dog laughed to see such sport, and the cow jumped over the moon'? Something of the sort will happen around here, I imagine, if you and Emmie undertake to run the farm between you."

"I know more about farming than you think I do," I protested. "Leguminous plants are soil builders. The plant extracts nitrogen from the air and stores it in nodules on the roots. Peas and beans are leguminous plants, so is clover. Isn't that right?"

"It's right as far as it goes," Father said. Nothing more was said about the Florida trip until Sunday night. Mother and Pat and Tommy went to church. I stayed with Father. I started to read him Lippmann's column, but he stopped me.

"Hold on a minute, I want to talk to you," he said. "I've got to get well. It's no time to die, with Pete away. If the doctor knows what he's talking about, I might get well faster out of this climate. Do you mean you are willing to give up school and stay here and look after things for me?"

"Yes, Father, very willing," I said. "There's plenty to do," he groaned. "Corn to be gathered, last cutting of alfalfa hay to be made, tobacco to be stripped and marketed, cows to be milked, fall plowing to be done, wheat to be sowed, chickens to be looked after—it's no small undertaking, even for a grown man."

"I can manage, Father," I said. "You go to Florida and get well. If I get in a jam, I can call you long distance to tell me what to do."

"Ruination!" said Father. "Don't start running up the 'phone bill, on top of everything else. If you get in trouble, call Charlie Myers. He's the best farmer around here and a good neighbor, too."

Next morning Father called Jim in and talked to him. He told him he was going to Florida and he wanted him to stand by in his absence. "My daughter here will be in charge," Father said. "Report to her every morning."

Jim turned his head and walled his eyes at me, as if he had yet to see a more unlikely

prospect. Then, in a mystified tone, he said, "Her?"

"That's right," said Father, trying to sound hearty and confident. "She will pay you your wages every Saturday night. Remember I'm counting on you, Jim. Don't let things go to rack and ruin. Mend the lower fence tomorrow to keep those hogs out of the corn. Start gathering it as soon as you get a good, killing frost."

I could see that Father had made up his mind to go to Florida. I felt like saying, "Don't go anywhere, Father! I can't run the farm!" Then I saw Father frown and grab at his heart. I held my breath and presently his frown relaxed and he gave a sigh of relief.

I tiptoed out to the front porch. Father's big rocker was there, empty. I thought about one night when I was about five years old. I had mashed my finger in the front door and I couldn't sleep, it hurt so bad. Father took me out and rocked me in the big chair nearly all night. He was always mighty good to us when we were sick.

He was the one who was sick, this time. Tears sprang into my eyes. I clenched my fists. "I'll run this farm, so help me!" I muttered. "Father is going to have his chance to get well."

(To be continued)

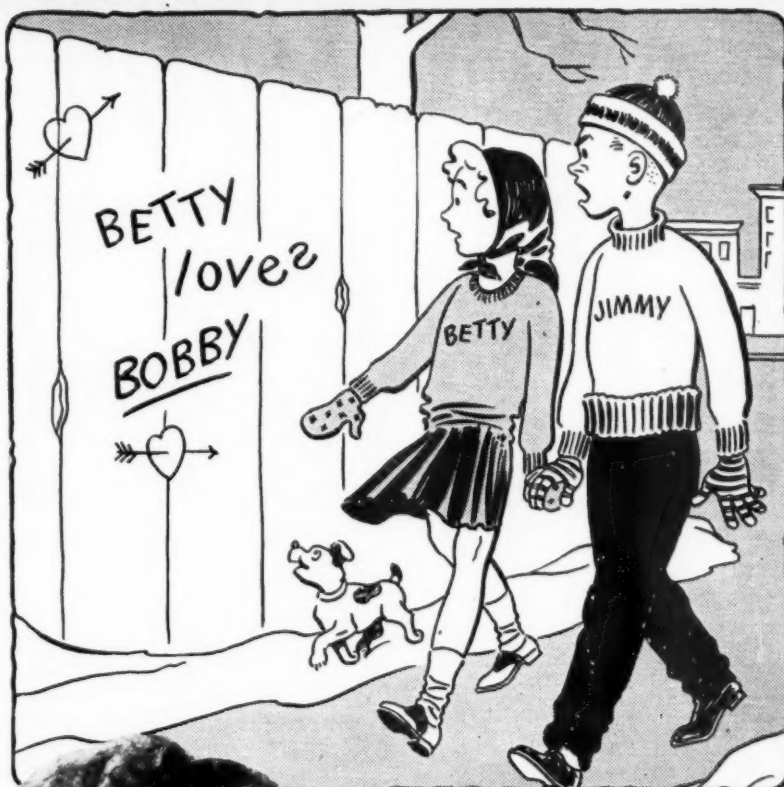
## JOBS in SCOUTING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

and answering the mail; a ten-thirty meeting with the Program Committee of the Council to plan an all-city "sing"; a conference with two Girl Scout leaders to help them work out their troop money and budget for the year, and to go over some new games; several telephone calls about troop work; suggesting the names of people to assist with handicraft projects; completing the details for a city-wide week-end camp; a luncheon meeting with civic representatives to discuss the next paper salvage drive; and an afternoon spent visiting one Brownie troop and one Girl Scout troop where there are new leaders. Then would come a hasty trip back to the office to see that today's work not yet done is carried over to tomorrow, and to check on what is already on the calendar for tomorrow's schedule.

The job itself will vary according to the needs of each community, just as each community differs from all others. But every job is alike in demanding a highly trained, well qualified person, able to work with all kinds of people. When the worker is employed by a Council she is looked upon as a person qualified to fill the Girl Scout professional job in that community. In order to be able to assume this heavy responsibility, she must be sure of her training. The members of the Girl Scout Council are eager and willing to do their large share of the work, but they want to be able to trust the leadership given them by their Girl Scout worker and to be sure that they are making the most of their effort, time, and money. To this trust the Girl Scout worker must bring her best ability, her soundest thinking, her most thorough training, and her richest experience.

Here, then, is a truly challenging job in a young and growing profession. Perhaps it's the job for you!



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Ask Mom to order a case from any dealer displaying the familiar 7-Up signs. And keep plenty on ice for your whole gang. Invite them over often to "fresh up" with 7-Up.





# WHAT'S ON THE SCREEN



*This list has been selected by permission from the movie reviews published in "The Parents' Magazine," New York City*

## —FOR AGES TWELVE TO EIGHTEEN—

### Excellent

**AND NOW TOMORROW.** Rachel Field's last book has been made into a film which brings the warm satisfaction that reading a good novel does. The story is so well told and character growth so subtly defined that one takes a personal interest in the efforts of the cast to work out of their difficulties. Loretta Young gives a flawless performance as the wealthy Emily Blair, who is stricken with meningitis on the night of her engagement party and left totally deaf. She refuses to marry her fiancé (Barry Sullivan) until her hearing is restored. The next two years are spent in seeking the help of world-famous specialists, and in that interim the fiancé and Emily's sister (Susan Hayward) fall in love. It is at this point that the film actually begins, with the entry of Alan Ladd as a young home-town physician who attempts, where famous doctors have failed, to restore Emily's hearing. But Ladd, who had spent an impoverished youth in the shadow of the Blair fortune, is interested in opening Emily's eyes, as well as her ears, to her social responsibilities. There are no villains in this film—just likable human beings who need educating to see beyond their own needs—all of which is beautifully suggested. (Para.)

**MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS.** This is a picture postcard musical of the early 1900's when making your own music was half the fun of parties and summer evenings on the porch. This air of impromptu warbling has been caught even in Judy Garland's singing. There are no slick arrangements to spoil her vocal musings about the "boy next door" (Tom Drake), or saying good night over the balustrade. Even the familiar trolley song is staged so you really think it is being sung by a lot of clamoring boys and girls on their way to the site of the St. Louis World's Fair. And when Mother Smith, to soothe Father's ruffled feelings, goes to the piano and gets him started on one of his favorite tenor solos, we have homey music in the best sense. In its action as well as in its music, the film records as true and heartwarming a family life as ever filled to overflowing a big Victorian house. When Margaret O'Brien, as "Tootie," the five-year-old, makes her entrance on the back of the ice wagon, when she slips down the stairs at her brother's going-away party and dances the cake walk with Judy in her nightgown, you'll be completely won to the St. Louis Smiths. Later, when Margaret proves to the older boys and girls on Halloween that she is the "terriblest" of them all, you'll be reminded that children were frequently savage before there were machine guns to imitate. Unfortunately, Margaret's intensity in portraying childish fears and anger gets out of hand in two later sequences and creates an uncomfortable sense of hysteria. But when, at the end, the family dress up in wonderful new clothes to attend the opening of the Fair, the older girls with their beaux caught at last, you'll leave them with real regret. (MGM)

**THIRTY SECONDS OVER TOKYO.** This film is so altogether admirable that the best praise is to urge everyone to see it. It combines a documentary honesty in dramatizing the first American bombing of Japan with a moving and intimate treatment of the love story of Capt. Lawson. There is a quality of rightness about the presentation of this story of great devotion, both to a cause and in human relationships, that has not been surpassed on the screen. First credit goes to the director, Mervyn LeRoy. But the actors have special excellence, too—Spencer Tracy as Lt. Col. Doolittle has the magnetism of a splendid leader. Yet his rôle is a minor one. The personal story is played by Van Johnson, as Lawson, pilot of one of the B-25's used in the raid. He combines youth and personal integrity in his characterization, to give us an American flyer type to be immensely proud of. Phyllis Thaxter as his wife is fresh and lovely. The most impressive thing about the film is the atmosphere it creates of a military operation in action. At the same time the personnel remain individuals, not robots. But they are mature—despite their youth these were men,



JANE BALL AND LON MCCALLISTER IN A SCENE FROM "WINGED VICTORY"

not boys, who undertook to raise our morale with the extremely hazardous bombing of the enemy homeland from a carrier that could not wait around to take them home. At least half of the film is devoted to Lawson's crash landing on the shore of China and the heroic assistance of the Chinese to the wounded fliers. (MGM)

**THUNDER ROCK.** In this arresting film the camera is turned on a man's mind, that of a pre-War journalist whose failure to arouse England to halt the march of fascist tyranny has sent him into self-imposed exile as a lighthouse keeper off the Great Lakes shore of Canada. A plaque on the lighthouse wall dedicated to the memory of six persons lost in a shipwreck ninety years earlier in a great storm, together with the ship's salvaged log book, has fastened the hermit journalist's mind on these characters so strongly that they become his daily companions. At first they appear as the journalist recreates them in his own image—each of them despairing, futile, cowardly, running away from it all. Then, through the device of having the lost ship's captain represent the hope for humanity buried deep in the disillusioned journalist's mind, the characters are shown again as the captain had known them to be—too soon discouraged, to be sure, but brave, selfless, fighting for reforms that came years after they had given up hope. It is this characteristic all had in common—giving up before the battle was won—which finally turns the journalist to a re-appraisal of humanity's achievements and sends him back into the fight against fascism. Barbara Mullen is particularly forceful in reminding us of the barbaric subjection of women less than a hundred years ago and the courage of those who sacrificed their very womanhood to fight against it. Michael Redgrave is excellent as the journalist, and the British gift for character acting makes each small rôle memorable. (English Films)

**TOMORROW THE WORLD.** The problem of re-educating Nazi indoctrinated youth is forcefully stated in this film version of the successful stage play. The film is even stronger than the play, because the German boy, Emil (Skippy Homeier) is shown at school and on the playground with American boys, and his prejudices stand out in all their hatefulness. Emil has been invited to this country by an American professor (Fredric March), who had been a friend and admirer of the boy's father, one of thousands of scientists destroyed in concentration camps for their anti-Nazi views. The professor has a daughter just Emil's age, who welcomes him into her home and school life with artless generosity. Joan Carroll gives her a delightfully carefree, open manner contrasting most effectively with the tortured fury which consumes the Nazi child, even to the point of denouncing his own father. Working out of the immediate problem is well handled, for Emil's schoolmates give him a well deserved trouncing. But the film contributes little to a solution of the problem faced by the United Nations in eradicating Nazi teachings, beyond calling our

attention to it. It is supremely well performed throughout. (U.A.)

**SONG TO REMEMBER, A.** From the opening scene which shows Frederic Chopin's music teacher (Paul Muni) trudging up the path to his pupil's house, where the lad is heard practicing to Professor Elsner's evident satisfaction, superb piano playing accompanies the action of this film. The exquisite care for detail which distinguishes the picture is immediately apparent in the extraordinary likeness, both of face and hands, between the young pianist who plays Chopin as a boy and Cornel Wilde who takes over as the hands of the boy fade into those of the man on the keyboard. Although the music we hear was recorded by an eminent concert pianist, Mr. Wilde was enough of a musician to play the compositions while the scenes were being filmed. Consequently, despite the fact that at least half of them have Chopin at the piano, there is no sense of sameness, for he is photographed from a great variety of angles. And always there is freshness of melody as the music wells from Chopin's mind and ripples from his fingers. As for the story, it is highly fictionalized, but since Chopin is presented through the eyes of his aging teacher, this is acceptable. Visually, as well as melodically, the film is a rare treat. Technicolor is used to advantage in recreating the ornate salons and elegant gowns of the Parisian society of Chopin's day. Merle Oberon's George Sand is another departure from history, but is a decided pictorial asset to the film. Paul Muni, as Professor Elsner, is touching in his dedication to the artist he has discovered, and Stephen Bekassy, as Frantz Liszt contributes a feeling of enormous good will and devotion to music. But it is Cornel Wilde's convincing portrayal of musical genius which makes the film the extraordinary experience that it is. (Col.)

**WINGED VICTORY.** This is the splendid Army Air Force show, filmed very much as it was played on the stage. Even when film actors (Pvt. Lon McCallister, Sgt. Edmond O'Brien, and others) have been substituted in a few rôles, they are men who are in the armed forces so that the male cast remains authentically Uncle Sam's. Although there are no scenes in the air, no film has given us a more convincing airman's-eye view of the intensive training, the loyalty to each other and to their ship, the general all-round magnificence of body and spirit which it takes to participate in today's epic air warfare. (20th C-Fox)

### Good

**BOWERY TO BROADWAY.** As entertaining a musical as you're likely to run across, with the whole roster of Universal stars doing their bestbits for you. Jack Oakie and Donald Cook are rival impresarios on the Bowery, who finally combine their talents to take Broadway by storm. Spanning the entertainment seasons with them are Susanna Foster and Turhan Bey, as a singer and composer who get their starts on the Bowery; Maria Montez, as a foreign star who almost bankrupts the producers; Rosemary de Camp and Frank McHugh, as a loyal dance team who bow themselves out when they can't make the uptown grade; Ann Blyth, as their daughter who lacks dancing feet, but has a voice. It's in pleasing Technicolor. (Univ.)

**BRAZIL.** Virginia Bruce, American writer on a two-weeks tour of Brazil, is swept off her feet by composer Tito Guizar. Tito gives her so many fascinating glimpses of that beautiful country that she forgets she's supposed to be gathering material for a travel book. Edward Everett Horton, Roy Rogers (whom she runs into on his personal appearance tour), Veloz and Yolanda seem just as at home in Brazil, and no wonder—the music, dancing and gayety are infectious. An outstanding good neighbor film. (Rep.)

**HOLLYWOOD CANTEN.** Bette Davis is the real star as well as the film star of this musical, for she is president of the Hollywood players in their organized efforts to entertain service men and women who drop in at the canteen for a taste

For description of the Eight-to-Twelve films, look under Twelve-to-Eighteen heading

of filmdom's lavish hospitality. The film takes two buddies (Robert Hutton, Dane Clark), just returned from New Guinea, through a G.I.'s dream of meeting stars and even romancing a bit with Joan Leslie who typifies the home town girl. In addition to the stars who wait on tables and dance with the boys, a number of acts are staged at the Canteen, including Jack Benny and his violin, Roy Rogers and Trigger, Eddie Cantor, and others. (Warners)

**IRISH EYES ARE SMILING.** For a pleasant excursion into sentiment, we recommend this entertaining musical. The story is based on the rise to fame of Ernest R. Ball, purveyor of tune-ful ballads to the avid barber-shop quartets of the early 1900's. The film is similar to other backstage stories of that era, but it has two delightful new stars (Dick Haymes, June Haver) and one oldster (Monty Woolley) appearing for the first time in musical comedy. The Technicolor is tasteful and everyone looks very handsome in costumes of the day. The title song and other compositions of the prolific Mr. Ball (*Mother Machree*, *Little Bit of Heaven*, etc.) are well sung, particularly in two appearances each by Leonard Warren, baritone, and Blanche Thebom, soprano of the Metropolitan Opera. (20th Century-Fox)

**LIGHTS OF OLD SANTA FE.** Here's all the excitement of a big time rodeo. The whole family will enjoy the thrilling displays of horsemanship and the music. Roy Rogers, Dale Evans, and George "Gabby" Hayes are the trio who put a losing rodeo back into the big money class. (Rep.)

**PRINCE AND THE PIRATE, THE.** Bob Hope carries his gags along with him to the eighteenth century, where he is a third-rate actor on his way to America in search of an audience. A royal Princess is also running away to the New World because her father won't let her marry a commoner; and when the ship is attacked by pirates, Bob, despite his continual bungling, manages to get her off the ship and safely to an island. A typical shot is their arrival at the island port, the Princess pulling manfully on the oars, Bob curled up asleep. But the island turns out to be the pirates' stronghold, so from there on the perils and rescues double in number and zaniness. Because the dialogue is kept topical, one expects the whole extravaganza to turn out to be a dream, but though there is a trick ending it's nothing so stereotyped as that. Virginia Mayo is such a fetching Princess that even the well known Hope timing of wisecracks doesn't fade her into the background. Bob, too, is in fine fettle and the whole production is sumptuously costumed and in technicolor. (RKO)

**SERGEANT MIKE.** The Canine Corps is interestingly documented in this film. Larry Parks and Jeanne Bates play out the simple story-background for the training of service dogs. (Col.)

**THREE'S A FAMILY.** Although the situations in this amusing film are played for farcical effect, they are based on today's realities and will bring many a sympathetic laugh. There's the modern successful business woman (Fay Bainter), now a grandmother, who can't be expected to leave her job when her daughter (Marjorie Reynolds) brings home twins and then departs to rejoin her Navy husband. So Grandpa (Charles Ruggles), whose business life is a family liability anyway, has to stay home and tend the infants. There's the inevitable servant trouble, threatened evictions, the decrepit doctor, the only one available, who delivers a child to the daughter-in-law while everything else is happening, and—well, it's family life in wartime America, exaggerated but human. (U.A.)

—FOR AGES EIGHT TO TWELVE—

Excellent

MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS  
WINGED VICTORY

Good

BOWERY TO BROADWAY  
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HOLLYWOOD CANTEEN  
IRISH EYES ARE SMILING  
LIGHTS OF OLD SANTA FE  
PRINCESS AND THE PIRATE, THE  
SERGEANT MIKE  
THREE'S A FAMILY

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★ YOUR LIFE WITH ★  
MUSIC AND  
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ROY ROGERS  
KING OF THE COWBOYS

TRIGGER THE SMARTEST HORSE  
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"Lights of old  
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featuring  
GEORGE "GABBY" HAYES  
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Lloyd Corrigan · Richard Powers  
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THE SONS OF THE PIONEERS

A REPUBLIC PICTURE



SONGS... "Amor" · "The Rhapsody of Some People" · "Lights of Old Santa Fe" · "Cowboy Jubilee" · "Ride 'Em Cowboy" · "Trigger Hasn't Got A Pretty Figger" · "Cowboy Polka" · "I'm A Happy Guy In Levi Britches"

T H E A T R E



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Be sure they express you at your smartest—  
They will, if you make them yourself with  
just the style, color, and fit you like best

See below how to get instruction leaflets

Left: An old masterpiece provides one of the newest fashion inspirations! You need 10 balls of pearl cotton for the hat, and 20 balls for the bag. They are 10c each

Right: A squarish hat and roomy bag, crisply fashionable for any season. Hat requires 10 balls of pearl cotton, size 5, at 10c each. 20 balls will make the handbag

Left: A Scottie hat, extra flattening in white, good in any color. 6 balls of pearl cotton, size 5 crochets it. You spend only 60c



Left: A dreamy hankie you'll tuck in your best bag for parties, or make for Mother. Get a  $4\frac{3}{4}$  inch square of material and 2  $\frac{7}{8}$ -yard balls of mercerized tatting cotton at 5c a ball. Costs about 30c



Right: For approximately \$1.75 you can crochet this envelope bag. Materials required: 12 60-yard balls pearl cotton, size 5, 10c per ball—leaving 55c for buckram and lining

Left: You'll look as pretty as a picture in this openwork star beanie. Three balls of pearl cotton at 10c each makes it—a lot for 30c! Try it in three of your favorite colors

**HOW TO ORDER:** Write to Accessory Editor, The American Girl, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, N.Y. Send a large stamped, self addressed envelope for direction leaflets.





## A REGULAR JONAH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

sured her of that. And the eggy substance which her fingers encountered as she scooped frantically to uncover them, clinched the matter. Not one had escaped.

"Oh, my goodness, it's no use!" she cried in grief and anger. "They're all smashed to pieces. And they were so lovely. What will Mother do without them at the sale? It isn't my fault—not one bit my fault—but seeing it's me, nobody will ever believe it! Why does everything I do have to turn out this way? Stan says I'm a regular Jonah, and I guess he's right."

There was no use in crying over spilt milk and wasted eggs. Dilsey brushed herself off and, after a moment's hesitation, pushed the wagon containing the wreck of her labors down the garden path and concealed it in the old stable. "I hope Stan doesn't see it," she thought, washing her sticky hands with snow before starting to find her mother.

At the church there was a festive air of activity. From appearances the fair was already a going concern. Tacked on the elm tree at the corner, a large wrapping-paper placard, lettered in red, white, and blue crayons, announced:

FOOD SALE  
APRONS

NEEDLEWORK

PROCEEDS FOR THE RED CROSS

and there was a similar sign on the bulletin board where the sermon topics were usually posted. Little groups of women, twos and threes, were standing talking on the sidewalk in front of the church, or winding along the paved walk to the door at the side, while others passed them, coming out laden with bulky packages. All of them spoke to Dilsey. Unhappy as she felt, she was obliged to summon what poise she could to reply to their cheerful greetings.

Inside the church parlors there was a crowd and a babble of voices. People were hurrying back and forth, or standing together in knots, chatting and laughing. Red, white, and blue streamers waved overhead, and starry crêpe paper added color to the line of booths. At the Sunday School piano a young woman played lively tunes. Old Mr. Wilcox, the sexton, barging through with a huge tray of fragrant spice cakes, nearly upset Dilsey as she entered. The new minister, a hearty, pleasant-faced young man in tweeds, was threading among the groups, smiling and shaking hands. He seemed already to be popular, for there was an upswing of animation in each small circle as soon as he joined it.

In the middle of the big room the food booth, twice the size of any other, reared its abundant head. And here, over the apple pies and chocolate and cocoanut layer cakes, Mrs. Mercer was officiating, the color in her cheeks still high. Wilting beside the door, Dilsey could see that her mother, despite two young women helpers, had her hands full as she combined sprightly social chatter with the prosaic necessity of making change. It would have been so much easier to have told her

(Continued on page 35)



Are you in the know?

Do you think her dancing position

- ☐ Is smooth and relaxed
- ☐ Helps a tall girl look shorter
- ☐ Looks affected

Let your dancing be light but not fantastic. Strangle-holds are tiring. Any exaggerated pose *looks affected*. So stand naturally, comfortably . . . for comfort is the first step toward dancing skill. That's why, on trying days, most prom-trotting girls choose cushion-soft Kotex sanitary napkins. They know there's all the difference in the world between Kotex and pads that just "feel" soft at first touch . . . because Kotex *stays soft while wearing*.



Between sets, do you preserve your wave

- ☐ By combing only
- ☐ By brushing and combing
- ☐ By using a net

You can brush your wave and keep it, too. Best hair care calls for *brushing and combing* in direction hairdo will follow. Then wave can be gently coaxed into place. Fastidious grooming promotes your confidence. So does Kotex—for unlike thick, stubby pads Kotex has patented ends—*pressed flat*, so they don't cause revealing lines. And only Kotex comes in 3 sizes for different women, different days. Choose Regular, Junior or Super Kotex to suit your own special needs.



More women  
choose KOTEX\*  
than all other sanitary  
napkins put together



What medal is he wearing?

- ☐ Sharpshooter
- ☐ Purple Heart
- ☐ Congressional Medal

Every medal has a meaning you should know! Maybe he has been wounded in action, or awarded the highest military honor. Or, he may be a crack marksman—as the *sharpshooter* medal above tells you. Being *sure* saves you embarrassment. And it saves you needless dismay on "certain days" to be sure of extra protection—with Kotex—the napkin with the 4-ply safety center that keeps moisture away from the edges, assuring *safety plus*.

**STOP GUESSING!** If you're teen age, you'll want the *free* booklet "As One Girl To Another." Learn do's and don'ts for difficult days—the lowdown on grooming, sports, social contacts. Address P. O. Box 3434, Chicago 54, Illinois.

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\*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



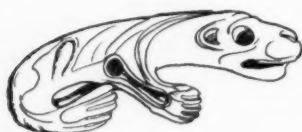
## IN STEP WITH THE TIMES

By Latrobe Carroll

### THE MEN WHO CAME HERE FIRST

The war has opened a new air road to Asia—the route between Alaska and Siberia, a land of untapped wealth. Russia has needed American planes badly, and pilots have been flying them westward across Bering Strait. This sky traffic won't end when victory comes. Already, Northwest Airlines, TWA, and Chicago and Southern Airlines are laying tentative plans for service between American and Soviet cities via this Alaska-Siberia route.

Actually, the planes that hum along the new sky road are following the general direction of a trail of long ago—the Bering



Strait trail which, we're told, brought prehistoric man into the Americas.

Authorities agree that Early Man did not originate in the New World of North and South America. He came into existence, perhaps a million years ago, in Asia, Africa, or Europe. How did descendants of those early human beings reach the Americas? By way of the region that's now Bering Strait, apparently. Bering Strait thrusts a mere fifty-six miles of shallow water between Alaska and Siberia's northeast tip. Many thousands of years ago, it's believed, there was a narrow land bridge linking Siberia and Alaska. Over that whole area, surprisingly, the climate was semi-tropical.

Lured on by lush Alaskan grasses and trees, prehistoric herds of mammoths, camels, horses, and other animals crossed the land bridge to North America. Human hunters followed them. When did those hunters come over to our side?

There had been no discoveries before 1927 which could form the basis for an answer. In that year a cowboy, riding along the lip of a steep gulch in northeast New Mexico, saw some long-buried bones and pieces of flint sticking out of a dry bank. He spread the news. Scientists came to study his find.

After they had done their work, they announced their startling conclusions: An Ice Age band of hunters had slain some straight-horned, prehistoric bison at that very place no less than fifteen or twenty thousand years ago! The hunters had made their kill by hurling spears tipped with points of flint.

The wooden shafts had long since crumbled and vanished. The flint tips which had endured had been chipped into a distinctive shape, with grooves cut into their sides. Since they'd been found near the little town of Folsom, they were called Folsom points and the glacier Age human beings who had made them were called Folsom Man.

That Folsom find changed all previous ideas about the length of time Early Man had lived in the Americas. His stay in the New World had been thought to have been a relatively short one by contrast to the Old World's ancient races. Neither the Mayas nor the Mound Builders nor the Basket Makers nor the Incas nor the Aztecs, scientists were certain, had lived in the Americas for much more than three thousand years—nor had the mysterious, long-ago people who built Arctic homes at Point Hope, Alaska and worked skillfully in ivory. (The sketch shows one of their carvings, a seal).

No wonder there was a scratching of scientific heads when, at a single shove, the history of man in the New World was pushed back twelve to eighteen thousand years!

The Folsom discovery led to other, similar finds. Folsom Man, it grew clear, had killed mammoths, horses, camels, as well as bison. Sometimes he had broiled their flesh.

Scores of experts on Early Man sought and found Folsom points. Oddly, these spear tips and some flint knives and scrapers and the bones of slaughtered beasts and some sites of long-ago fires were all that was found of Folsom Man. Not a single bone of the ancient hunter, himself, was unearthed.

One of the keenest scientific detectives in the search for Folsom clues was Frank C. Hibben, of the University of New Mexico (now in our Navy.) Mr. Hibben says the Folsom trail extends northward from New Mexico, up past the eastern edge of the Rockies, through western Canada, and finally, and most significantly, up to Alaska.

So it seems reasonably clear that Folsom men—thought to be the remote ancestors of American Indians—set foot on North America perhaps twenty thousand years ago. But Frank Hibben and other experts are planning to go to Siberia, after the war, to look for traces of Folsom Man. They want to add the final link to their chain of evidence that Folsom Man came to Alaska from the far side of Bering Strait. Perhaps, in their search for the telltale spear points of the people who used an ancient land route, they'll fly in planes which will speed along the new air route of the northwest skies—today's aerial gateway to Siberia.

### SYMBOL OF A NEW FRANCE

Glory is shining on France, reborn as a military power. The French First Army has done heroic work under its chosen leader, General de Tassigny (*pronounced Tab-see-ny*).

The leader's full name has an impressive ring—Jean de Lattre de Tassigny. He was in the thick of the fighting in World War I. For inspiration he carried the sword his grandfather had used in the Napoleonic wars, and he killed two Germans with the ancient family weapon. When that war was over, de Tassigny had four serious wounds. But, also, he had eight citations!

In 1940 he commanded the "Iron Division." The name held good and the division made a valiant stand against the Nazis. After the fall of France, de Tassigny was allowed to head the tiny army of a hundred thousand permitted to exist under Vichy dominance. But he aroused Nazi suspicions, was sent to North Africa.

Later he was recalled and demoted. When, in 1942, the Nazis seized Vichy territory, de Tassigny succeeded in holding the small seaport of Sète long enough for many anti-Axis Frenchmen to escape. For this he was thrown into prison.

The story of his escape reads like a tale of wild adventure. Friends managed to bring him a saw and a rope. His nights were spent sawing at his bars. At last they yielded. He used the rope, got out, climbed over two walls, even though fifty men had been stationed to guard him. He reached a car waiting to bear him away.

De Tassigny wore the dress of a peasant, grew the heavy beard and mustache of a peasant, and spoke like a man of the soil.



The French Underground smuggled him into London, where he gaily called himself General Violette Cachée (General Hidden Violet).

But the Violet did not stay hidden—or idle. Result—the resounding success of de Tassigny's men of the French First Army, who rushed into action by capturing the key position of Belfort in a snowstorm so violent that no one but an audacious leader would have risked so much on such a bold gamble.

## WORLD OF DARK WATERS

The eeriest place, perhaps, where life exists is the bottom of the sea at great depths. There, on the ocean floor or near it, is a watery realm offering living conditions as difficult as could be imagined. Below a depth of five thousand feet, the sea is utterly dark except for the gleaming of luminescent creatures. The enormous weight of the water makes pressures in excess of two thousand pounds per square inch. It is freezing cold, with temperatures hovering around thirty-two degrees.

What a place to call home! And yet certain fishes and many forms of animal life manage to eke out an existence there. Most of the deep-sea fishes are very small—not many are more than four inches long. (The one sketched in this column is some seven



inches in length.) A number of them have luminous organs which serve as lures to attract prey. All are perpetually hungry, fiercely carnivorous.

Though recent years have brought an increasing knowledge of such fishes, they—and the depths in which they live—are still tempting subjects for scientific study.

Some years ago, Dr. Maurice Ewing, of Columbia University, began making experiments in deep-sea photography which achieved good results and gave promise of still better pictures. Of course, Dr. Ewing was not pioneering when he took under-water camera shots. William Beebe, and others before Mr. Beebe, had led the way. But hardly any photographs had been successfully taken at more than half a mile down, whereas Dr. Ewing got pictures at three miles below the surface.

His first camera, built of aluminum to withstand great pressure, was ingenious. Here's how it worked! Without any cable attached, it was merely lowered over the side of a research ship, the *Atlantis*. Iron ballast, partly embedded in a hunk of rock salt, carried it down to the bottom. A long rod sticking out below the aluminum case acted as a sort of trigger. When the rod touched the bottom, it halted the camera's descent, set off a flash bulb, and moved the mechanism which took the picture.

As soon as the rock salt dissolved, it released the camera from the ballast. The instrument rose to the surface.

Eventually, the vast deep-sea pressures wrecked Dr. Ewing's first camera, and also a second, improved one—but not before he had secured some good pictures. Now, with a third and still better camera, he's hoping to force the ocean to reveal some of its deepest secrets.

Already, he has discovered ripples on sandy bottoms at a depth of six hundred feet, thus proving the existence of unsuspected currents. He has taken photographs of sunken wrecks—pictures which may aid in salvage. In years to come he may throw much light on a black, mysterious world.

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1439

1445

1461

1434

1435

1439—Pick up a tired dress with one of these brief boleros. Sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 38. For 14 (32) you will need: Frogged bolero,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yds. 42" material, braid motifs; lapelled bolero,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yds. 54" material; sleeveless bolero, 1 yd. 35" and binding. Wear with skirts and blouses too. Each . . . . . 15c

1445—Little Princess look in a slim frock, background for exciting accessories. Sizes 10 to 18; 28 to 36. For 14 (32) you will need:  $3\frac{1}{8}$  yds. 42" material . . . . . 15c

1435—A pretty ruffled blouse, teamed with a side-draped skirt make a fetching ensemble. Both, sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 38. 14 (32) blouse, 2 yds. 39" material; skirt,  $1\frac{7}{8}$  yds. 39". It's a "Sew-Simple." . . . . . 15c

1461—A bow accents a slim waistline, a square neck flatters the face in this dress for the younger crowd. Sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 38. 16 (34): dress, about  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yds. 39" material, bow about  $\frac{3}{4}$  yd. 39" . . . . . 15c

1434—Tailored suit, basis of a smart girl's wardrobe. With different accessories, a different you. 12 to 20; 30 to 38. 14 (32): Suit,  $2\frac{7}{8}$  yds. 54" material, skirt,  $2\frac{7}{8}$  yds. 35" (with nap). . . . . 15c

These Hollywood Patterns, especially selected for readers of this magazine, may be purchased through THE AMERICAN GIRL, 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, N. Y. Be sure to state size when ordering

## A REGULAR JONAH

about the custard fiasco in the kitchen at home.

It was a relief to catch sight of Selah's familiar, overblown form weaving its way uncertainly through the crowd toward the food booth. Dilsey followed in her wake.

What was this her mother was saying? "Cup custards, Mrs. Buzby? I'm sorry, but we're all sold out. There was a regular run on custards today. However, I'm expecting my daughter from home, any minute now, with a new lot. So, if you're not in any particular hurry—"

Dilsey waited till Mrs. Buzby strolled away in quest of dish-towels. "Mother," she murmured in a depressed voice.

"Oh, Dilsey, you've come!" Mrs. Mercer paused and took stock of her daughter's appearance. "Child, you look simply dreadful! Why didn't you stop to comb your hair? Why Dilsey, your face is dirty!" Snatching out her handkerchief, she made hurried dabs at Dilsey's cheeks and temples. "Where are the custards? Don't tell me you spoiled them! I've promised them all in advance."

"Yes, they're all spoiled, Mother," Dilsey whispered huskily, her eyes full of tears. "But you oughtn't to scold me. This time it wasn't my fault—honest and truly. They were lovely, but the snow fell off the roof and—" Two large tears overflowed and ran down her cheeks. The sob which rose in her throat choked back the rest of the story.

Annoyance faded from Mrs. Mercer's face. For a second, she bit her lip as though to keep from laughing, then—turning a would-be buyer over to one of her assistants—she placed a tender arm around Dilsey's heaving shoulders.

"There, dear! Don't cry. Mother understands. This time it wasn't your fault in the least. You couldn't know the snow was coming down. And, except for the wicked waste of all that food, things aren't so bad. Mrs. Terwilliger's custards arrived after all. Her daughter made them at the last minute, and

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

sent them over in Mr. Voorhees's cab. It was a big surprise, and they've all been sold."

Selah, who had donned a white apron, had been standing by, attentive to every word, and now her broad black face looked puzzled and a bit severe.

"How come yo' make all dem custahds, Mis' Mercer," she demanded, "when we-all's clean out of sugah?"

"What do you mean, Selah?" Mrs. Mercer questioned. "There was plenty of sugah."

"Outen what box did yo' git it?" Selah rolled her eyes and her tone was grim.

"Out of the tin sugar-box. The one with the blue stripe. There was more than enough sugar. Why?"

With an unexpected squeal of mirth, Selah bent her ample bosom over the counter. She rocked back and forth with laughter. When she could straighten up, she wiped the tears out of her eyes with a corner of her apron. "Oh, Mis' Mercer," she cackled, "you-all sho' will be the death o' me some day! In de bucket wid de blue stripe—dat wa'n't no sugah! No, ma'am! We ain' got no sugah, like Ah tells yo'. Ah done figgahed to wash de salt bucket—it look kinda rusty-like—an' so Ah pour all de salt into de sugah bucket! Oh, Mis' Mercer, Ole Man Snow didn't hahm us, nohow. All dem custahds was made wid salt."

Mrs. Mercer dropped into a chair behind the counter. "Well, for goodness sake, what do you know about that? I thought the sugar seemed a little queer, but I was in such a hurry I didn't stop to taste it. You ought to have told me that you changed the buckets, Selah!"

She turned to her dumfounded daughter, "Dilsey," she said, "I think we can call this our lucky day in spite of everything. If I'd sold those salty custards all over town, I'd never have heard the last of it. So cheer up, darling. It's a good thing the snow fell off the roof after all."

## THEY SERVE THEIR COUNTRY

noise of the buckles—and then the stirrups are let down. After a while he learns to keep all four feet on the ground, even though the stirrups bump against his flanks now and then.

Before a cavalryman attempts to mount one of these young trainees, he pets the horse's neck, lets his arm run back gradually to the saddle, and then he leans a bit of his weight on the animal. He puts an arm across the saddle and lets the horse accustom himself to that weight; he puts a foot in the stirrup and adds to the pressure; then at last he swings into the saddle. Seldom does the horse that is carefully trained thus far resist his rider, but if he does, the cavesson reminds him to settle down and be a good horse.

A tremendous asset in the breaking of horses for war is the natural sociability of horses. The desire to follow a leader is characteristic of a horse's nature. Let an experienced horse plunge into a body of water and start swimming across, and a rookie horse with just a bit of encouragement can be persuaded to follow suit. In mastering the fear of noise-making instruments, the young

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

trainees are ridden along beside older horses who are carrying tooting trumpets, trombones, and such and taking it all as part of the day's work. Seeing the complete nonchalance of these older horses, the youngsters soon accept the noise gracefully.

Gun fire is early introduced to the horse groomed for battle. Some day, while the oats are being dished out, a trooper will fire blanks from a pistol some fifty yards away. The young horses may scamper off, but after a little they notice that the older horses are eating away wholly unaware of the commotion. One can almost see the colts weighing the matter. Here are perfectly delicious oats, they seem to be thinking; the noise of the gun is terrifying, but it isn't doing any harm and those other horses aren't afraid—so why be cheated of our supper? And so by degrees, these horses are taught to "take it."

In about one year from the time training starts, the remounts are turned over to the troops. Eventually, they will be ready to

(Continued on page 40)

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**Pattern T-9148:** sizes 9 to 17, 10 to 18. Size 13 takes 2½ yards 39 inch fabric and 2 yards of contrast ruffling.

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## A HELPFUL ARTICLE

**SHEBOYGAN, WISCONSIN:** I am in the eighth grade at Saint Peter Claver School in Sheboygan, Wisconsin, and I like it very much. But I'm not writing to tell you that—I merely want to tell you how marvelous our magazine is and also how helpful.

This year in school, or rather in the first semester, we are working on accident prevention and at the end of the semester we will get a certificate. In order to get this, we have to get one hundred points and this is divided up: we get fifty points finding out hazards and trying to correct them; twenty-five points for having a note book and different things like that; twenty-five points for answering some questions in school and some questions at the end of the semester. Florence Nelson's article in the October issue helped me very much and I thank you very much.

I also like the Bobo stories and the serial, *Dark Hollow*. I extra enjoyed the story *Margriet of Holland*—it held me in suspense all the while I read it.

Please don't ever discontinue this magazine.  
Ann Mkalofsky

## LITTLE OLD NEW YORK

**BALLYBRANNON, NORTH IRELAND:** Of late I have become rather interested in THE AMERICAN GIRL MAGAZINE. One reason for my sudden special interest is the fact that the book is very attractive; another reason is that I was brought up in America and am deeply interested in anything American. I love America and I am going back there as soon as the war is ended, and sooner if possible! I lived in New York City—and although I may have much opposition, I do not hesitate to say that in my opinion there is no place in all America like little old New York. (Of course, I like all the other States, too, especially Oklahoma and Texas.)

I suppose all girls in America have plenty of hobbies. My special hobbies are swimming, skating, rowing, fishing, drawing, dancing, reading, and all sorts of games—tennis, cricket, camogie, net ball, and baseball. I learned all those games at the school I went to, and I am sure some girls will be rather surprised to read that I can play baseball. You see, when I lived in America, my uncle was crazy about baseball (he still is, I'm sure) so he used to take me along to big baseball games, and by degrees I became so taken up

by the game that I often dreamed I'd be an All American!

Before ending my letter, I would like to say once again that I love THE AMERICAN GIRL MAGAZINE very much and I particularly enjoy the stories. I send my best to the Magazine and to my relatives in New York.

By the way, I'm seventeen and pretty tall.  
Maureen Rafferty

## COUNTRY AIR

**LANSING, MICHIGAN:** I wish to thank you very much for our swell magazine. I spend every spare minute I have reading it. I like the serial, *Dark Hollow*. It is exciting.

I am eleven years old and am in the sixth grade at Walter French High School. In January, I will be in Junior High—I am looking forward to it like everything. For years I spent my summers on the farm of my grandparents in lower Michigan. Now they live in a small town, but the town can never compare with the country so far as I'm concerned. We are studying France in Social Studies and I feel just like the French people feel. They love their own soil and they love the fresh air of the country where you can see the sun rise and set.

I will take the snare drum when I get in Junior High, and I will also take shorthand and typing as I want to be a secretary when I grow up. I have no pets, but I have a small brother who is two-and-a-half years old and he is a very loving pet to me.

Sherrill Wheeler

## KANSAS

**LARNED, KANSAS:** I am a Kansan and proud of it. You would have to be a Kansan to know just how I feel.

I live in a small town, population about four thousand. This is near an air base and, mingled with the assorted and distinctive noises of a small town, comes the incessant hum of powerful motors. Before the war it was a quiet little town situated in the center of a large farming district. A man in uniform was then something to marvel at. Now it bustles with activity. The old Santa Fe Trail is being pounded by huge Army trucks, and squadrons of bombers roar over to distant fronts. The new is mingled with the old. Fields of waving grain and pastures grazed by herds of cattle are mixed with modern implements of war. Where there used to be

nothing but local parties, dances etc. there are now bond drives and scrap drives. All five schools seek to beat their quota.

On our farm the cheerful songs of hundreds of birds migrating south is blended with the drone of airplane motors. Now comes the sound of a freight, perhaps hauling supplies for distant ports.

It is now Indian Summer. The sun sheds a warm, hazy glow over the green fields of young wheat. The farmers are resting at this season, turning their efforts toward home life.

Winter will soon be here. But we know and love it. Even then, through ice and snow, the roar of motors over Kansas will not cease. Winter, summer, spring, and fall, Kansas goes onward with incessant great speed to help the common cause.

Anthea Smith

## A GENEROUS SPIRIT

**WILMINGTON, CALIFORNIA:** I have just received my October issue of THE AMERICAN GIRL and I noticed how the girls wrote in, describing Oregon, Washington, and Montana. I don't blame them for bragging about their States, for I have been to Oregon and Washington myself and they are even better than described. It's a very beautiful country.

Wilmington is a nice town, too. I belong to Troop No. 294, and we really get things done. I have just finished the *Gardener* and *World Knowledge* badges. I am now working on the *Star Finder* and *World Trefoil* badges. Scouting is wonderful. I wouldn't give it up for anything.

Elizabeth Petersen

## A MESSAGE FROM AFRICA

**JOHANNESBURG, SOUTH AFRICA:** I am writing this short letter in appreciation of THE AMERICAN GIRL which was sent me by my "lend lease" friend, H. W. Sage.

I am a member of the Girl Guides (which is the South African equivalent for Girl Scouts) and I am in the thirteenth Johannesburg Company, one of the forty in Johannesburg. We wear navy blue uniforms with mauve ties; other companies wear different ties. There is an awful lot to tell you, but I think I will save it for another letter.

Please give this message to the Girl Scouts of the United States, "Oceans cannot break the great sisterhood."

Margaret Louise Borckenhagen

If you wish information about starting a Girl Scout troop, write to Girl Scouts, attention Field Division, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, N.Y.



## MICHIGAN

ITHACA, MICHIGAN: Everyone has been writing to this page to tell about their States, but so far nothing has been written about Michigan. I live in the middle part of it, where there is much rich farm land. My father owns a hundred-and-sixty-acre farm on which he grows corn, oats, wheat, and lots of soy beans, also some white or navy beans.

Farther north, not so many miles, the countryside is quite beautiful. Not much farming is done there, although in some places lumbering is the industry, but not so much as there used to be.

There is good hunting and fishing in Michigan. Pheasant season opens soon. My father is usually very busy at that time, too busy to hunt, but people from town who hunt on our farm keep us supplied. In November there is deer hunting. My father usually goes for two or three days if he possibly can. If you take a short drive north of my home, you are very likely to see deer without much effort. I personally do not care for the meat—venison, as it is called. It has a rather wild, strong taste, but the steak isn't bad.

Along Lake Michigan is the fruit belt. That is where we get our peaches, cherries, apples, and pears. This summer the farmers were quite desperate for help in picking the fruit; some people had more gas issued to them if they would go up there and work, because if the fruit isn't picked when it is ripe, it will spoil.

French explorers, settlers, and traders were the first white men to visit this region. They settled mostly in the north. I have visited some of the upper peninsula and it is very interesting. There also are some Indians up there.

I am a sophomore in Ithaca High School. I enjoy school very much, especially the dances, football and basketball games! But seriously, I do like my studies; they are physical education, geometry, English, modern history, and bookkeeping. After I finish High School I hope to go to college.

Virginia K. Benson

## NEW YORK

SCHENECTADY, NEW YORK: I guess it's about time that New York State got into this thing!

I live in a city where there is a locomotive company and a General Electric Company, so you can see that the city is quite large, since there is a lot of industry here. But don't get the impression that all of New York State is busy and hurrying. I once lived in a small town where everything was quiet and peaceful; and then again, in another town where there was never a dull moment. There are a lot of different kinds of towns and cities, and many various types of people in this State.

New York winters are usually long and cold. The summers are apt to be very hot. I like the fall best because everything is so colorful.

Well, that's all from the Empire State!

## Remember—

If You Aren't Registered, You're Not a Girl Scout!

## FIRSTS in Sports



● The first basketball game, in 1892, was played with the ball being thrown through peach baskets! Basketball was invented by James Naismith, a Y. M. C. A. instructor, of Springfield, Mass.



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# GOOD TIMES *with* BOOKS


By MARJORIE CINTA




 **Mediterranean Spotlights** (Scribner's, \$2.50) by Attilio Gatti who grew up in Italy and spent much time in the islands and border countries of the Mediterranean, is a timely book of travel in places which have become familiar to many a G. I. Joe. Mr. Gatti turns his spotlight here and there, highlighting whatever interests him most—fascinating bits of recently revealed ancient history in Crete, modern aspects of Turkey, tales of present-day heroism in Malta. He emphasizes the indestructible things such as the spirit and history of the Mediterranean and its people and gives stay-at-homes a fine picture of what our boys in this part of the world are seeing. The book is generously illustrated with fine photographs.





 When Carol Ryrie Brink captured between book covers the naturalness and charm of lively Caddie Woodlawn from pioneer Wisconsin, she won the coveted Newbery medal and, along with it, an ever growing group of admirers who want to hear more about Caddie Woodlawn. Now Mrs. Brink has answered these requests with **Magical Melons** (Macmillan, \$2), more stories about Caddie, the Woodlawn family, and their friends. The inseparables, Caddie, Tom, and Warren find and enjoy a secret hoard of melons with unexpected consequences; Warren helps provide for the new preacher; miraculously the medicine show comes to dependable Emma McCantry; Nero, the Woodlawn dog, plays Cupid for Clara, Caddie's eldest sister; and on Independence Day, Caddie makes her family proud of her. These and many more happy tales will bring enjoyment to both younger and older readers.

 The adventurous career of a vital, modest American, who became world-famous for his work with snakes and antiserums is interestingly pictured in the book, **Raymond L. Ditmars** (Messner, \$2.50) by Laura N. Wood. Here is the story of a boy who turned an unusual hobby into a lifetime profession which led him into a distinguished career as scientist, lecturer, traveler, writer, herpetologist, and curator of the New York Zoological Park. The reader acquires an affectionate understanding of the small boy whose pockets bulged with insects, frogs, and snakes; the young man who enjoyed hair-raising adventures on nature-trips to far-off places; and the devoted husband and father who struggled with the difficulties of driving one of the pioneer automobiles on family snake-hunting expeditions and forgot the baby asleep in his office at the zoo. So human is the account that you will enjoy the book even if you are one of the people who do not like snakes in the least. Many American Girl readers will remember a recent article about Dr. Ditmars, "The Man Who Liked Snakes."


 In their new book, **Snowshoe Country** (University of Minnesota Press, \$3) Florence Page Jaques and Francis Lee Jaques present a winter view of the wilder-


ness of forests and lakes which was also the setting of their beautiful book, "Canoe Country." Here in the wilds of northern Minnesota, Mr. and Mrs. Jaques spent four months—October through January—on Gunflint Lake where the only link with the outside world was the half-truck, half-bus, called the Wilderness Express, which made weekly trips. Every moment was a delight to these two nature lovers and good companions, and Mrs. Jaques' unique ability to share her experiences gives her readers the joy of being part of the adventure. Her gay humor and sensitive perception miss no smallest detail of fun or beauty in any situation and Mr. Jaques' striking black-and-white illustrations are especially effective in scenes of the winter woods. "Here is no account of struggle and hardship," says Mrs. Jaques, "rather, it is the story of release from the tenseness of present-day life."


 An exceptional opportunity to know Vatican City as only its own residents know this small bit of territory with its fascinating background, its world-wide influence, its priceless art treasures, and its ancient traditions is offered in **The City Set on a Hill** (Dodd, \$2.50) by James A. van der Veldt, O.F.M. The author was born in Holland, entered the Franciscan order, was ordained a priest, and spent twelve years in Rome where he had a unique opportunity to become acquainted with the Pope's residence. Though a distinguished scholar, Father van der Veldt is never dull or school-bookish. Through the experiences of an active American boy—who has been made a "prisoner in a palace" because, as the son of an American ambassador to the Holy See, war conditions do not permit him to go beyond the Vatican walls—the book shows all that one who has influence to be permitted to view much that is not open to the general public, may see in the Vatican.

 In **The Winding River** (Lippincott, \$2), Helen Fuller Orton, who has a gift for making a historical tale come alive, writes of the colony on the Susquehanna River, Azilum, where French emigrés built what they hoped would be a haven for Marie Antoinette. To this bit of France in the New World came Antoinette de Manville and her

aunt, fleeing the horrors of the French Revolution. Antoinette grew to love the new country, to know and admire the pioneers, and found romance with a young American.

 A companion to the beautiful "Sing for Christmas" by Opal Wheeler is **Sing for America** (Dutton, \$3) in which the author tells the story of twenty-four of America's folk songs. Gustaf Tenggren's delightful pictures in gorgeous colors catch the spirit of each song. Words and music of the songs are given, and it's a safe guess that in the homes in which the book makes its appearance this Christmas, the family will gather round the piano and "Sing for America."

 Genevieve Foster pictured world happenings during Washington's lifetime in an earlier book, "George Washington's World." She now offers a bird's-eye-view of what was going on all over the world during the life of Lincoln, in **Abraham Lincoln's World** (Scribner's, \$3). "There is no changing the law—the future is born in the past," says Mrs. Foster, giving not only an interesting picture of Lincoln himself, but also describing events which form a fine background for understanding the present. Mrs. Foster's story is swift and often amusing, and her black-and-white sketches achieve remarkable likenesses.

 "Nobody's going to sprinkle you with dazzle dust—nobody but your very own self, so be your own self-starter," advises Elizabeth Woodward, editor of the sub-deb page of "The Ladies Home Journal," in **Strictly Private** (Crowell, \$2), her up-to-the-minute book on personal behavior for teen-age girls. The book is a heart-to-heart talk about the teen-age world and its problems. It deals with questions of personal appearance, social life, how to get along with boys as well as girls, date data, "going steady," etc. If a girl wants to make the most of herself—and what girl doesn't?—if she wants to have as much fun as possible out of the adventure of growing up, she will find some excellent advice in Miss Woodward's sprightly pages.

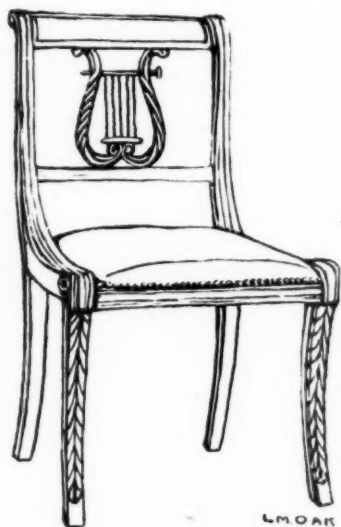
## DUNCAN PHYFE and his FURNITURE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

flowing gowns and tied up their curls in knots high on their heads, like the beautiful goddesses in Greek statues; and the cabinetmakers imitated classic forms in their furniture and decorated it with all sorts of classic designs. Phyfe was particularly fond of filling in smooth parts of furniture, like legs of chairs and tables, or backs of sofas, with beautiful bits of carving. His favorite designs were ones that the Greeks had used—the crinkly acanthus leaf, the long, thin water leaf, the cornucopia, bow knots, oak leaves, sheaves of wheat, and crossed arrows, or "thunderbolts." He liked to break the smoothness of an arm, or a leg, with carved grooves called reeding, and to finish a foot with a lion's paw, or a dog's paw, sometimes carved in the wood and sometimes cast in shining brass. On flat surfaces, like table tops and drawer fronts, he loved to show up the rich grain and color of the mahogany he used.

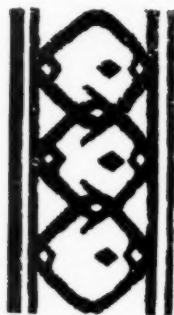
BUT no fashion lasts very long, and in the years when Phyfe was making furniture he saw popular taste shift from one extreme to the other. Gradually, classic simplicity lost favor, and his clients demanded heavy, cumbersome pieces of black walnut or rosewood overloaded with carving and ornament, instead of the fine-grained mahogany. Phyfe gave them what they asked for, and always put fine workmanship into it, but he himself did not like it. He called the heavy black-walnut pieces "butcher furniture."

Fashions in furniture have changed many times again in the century since Duncan Phyfe sold out his business and retired, in



A CHAIR BY DUNCAN PHYFE SHOWN IN A DRAWING BY LISTON M. OAK. THIS GRACEFUL SHAPE WAS POPULAR AND PHYFE MADE MANY SUCH CHAIRS, VARYING THE DECORATION. THIS IS THE LYRE FORM, ONE OF HIS FAVORITES. IT HAS ACANTHUS CARVING ON THE LEGS, AND REEDED SIDES AND BACK

## Let's make PAPER LUNCHEON MATS



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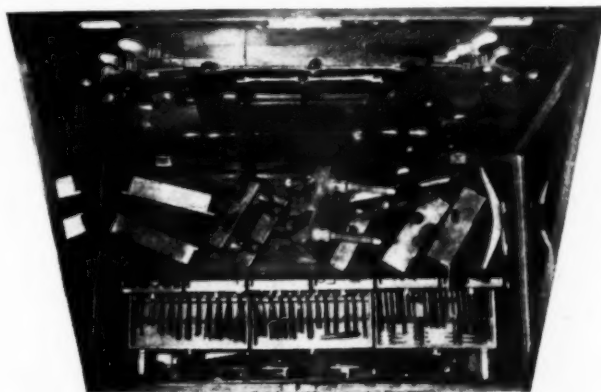


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1847, at the age of seventy-nine. And ways of making furniture have changed, too. Now machines do much of the work that used to be laboriously done by hand. But the furniture created by the young Scotsman who came to New York one hundred and fifty years ago is still admired for its fine design and expert craftsmanship. It is so well built that it has not worn out with many years of use and so well designed that it is considered good style whatever the current fashion may be. In fact, furniture factories today often copy Phyfe's designs, for they are very suitable for use in modern homes. In 1929,

when a large exhibition of American antiques was held in New York City for the benefit of the Girl Scouts, many pieces by Duncan Phyfe were shown and were tremendously admired. Some of his furniture is now in our museums; some of it is in the homes of descendants of the original owners; and some has been acquired by lovers of fine things. The individuals who own pieces of Phyfe furniture take fully as much pride in them as did those early residents of New York City who bought the latest and most fashionable articles from the shop of Mr. Phyfe on Partition Street.



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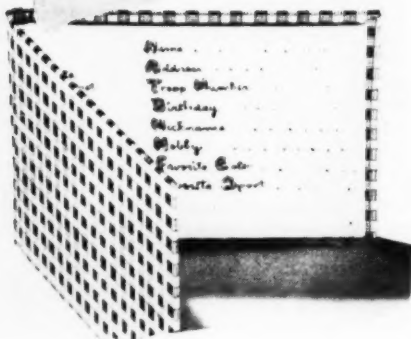
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**EVERY TIME YOU GUARD YOUR SPEECH  
YOU ARE GUARDING A SOLDIER'S LIFE!**

## THEY SERVE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

scale mountains, clear eight foot jumps, swim rivers, and march into the deafening roar of exploding shells—valiant and fearless workers in the service of our country.

Our War Department has rigid specifications in the selection of its horses for military purposes. Scheduled sales of horses for Army mounts are attended by an experienced United States Cavalry officer. Old "hoss-swapping" tricks cannot fool him. War Department regulations specify that horses must be sound, superior in class and quality, alert, free in action at walk, trot, or gallop. Care is taken that the horses chosen should be gentle, and without bad habits, blemishes, or defects.

Many fine, blooded stallions are owned by the United States Government at the present time, assuring exceptional cavalry horses for the future.

Horses are used for draft, pack, and saddle purposes, but mules are used only for pack and draft purposes. The training of Army mules is very similar to the training of horses, though mules receive all their training under the supervision of the Quartermaster Corps, while horses, after being broken and gentled by the Quartermaster Corps, are shipped to other units in the field where their training is completed.

Both horses and mules are playing an important part in the present invasion of Europe. The continent has many mountain ranges which seriously handicap mechanized warfare, so the old reliable horse and mule carry the supplies and reconnoiter across country through heavy brush, and splash through streams impassable to vehicles. Their ability to move across country with a minimum of noise is of tremendous value. They are agile, easy to maneuver, and can reach a necessary objective two or three times quicker than enemy infantry.

It is on them we must depend when the terrain is difficult and when reconnaissance and transporting must be done. Over mountains, through swamps, across streams, the horse carries on when the tractor and even the Army's all-around vehicle, the jeep, is stalled. Not road-bound, the cavalry isn't as vulnerable to air attack as other branches of the service are, an important asset. Let enemy aircraft approach, and the horsemen can dash across a field or through the woods, making a very poor target from the air.

When American troops invaded Sicily, hundreds of horses and mules were drafted from surrounding towns and villages and were put to work for the American Army, packing food, ammunition, and supplies to crews in forward observation posts, and to front line infantry units. Without them, it might have been impossible to get through.

The horse troops, veterans of the Sicilian campaign, landed in Italy in September. A troop which was ordered to the right flank of the Third Division, where the only road through the mountains was directly under enemy observation, moved cross country, and located and reported enemy positions. Infantry troops then moved in and captured strategic points along the road.

(Continued on page 42)



## Laugh and Grow Scout

### Ruthless

Ruth rode in my motor car,  
On the seat just back of me.  
I took a bump at eighty-five—  
And rode on Ruthlessly!  
—Sent by DOROTHY ZEIGER, New York

### Because

BETTY: Today at the party a poor little girl fell out of her chair—and every one laughed but me.

MOTHER: How sweet of you! Why didn't you laugh, too?

BETTY: Because the poor little girl was me.—Sent by KATHRYN LOWRY, Johnson City, Tennessee.

### The Prize-Winning Joke

#### White Elephant



WIFE: Just think, dear, this chair goes back to Louis Fifteenth!

HUSBAND (grimly): Well, the sooner it goes back to him the better!—Sent by MARTHA DAWSON, Piqua, Ohio.

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this space.

### False Report

JONES: I hear you boys in the Army get up bright and early.

PRIVATE SMITH: No—just early.—Sent by MARTHA GORDIG, Pittsburgh.

### Odd

ENGLISHMAN: Americans are rather odd people, aren't they?

AUSTRALIAN: Why do you think so?

ENGLISHMAN: Well, it's their tea. They boil it to get it hot, then put ice in it to make it cold. After that, they put sugar in it to make it sweet and lemon to make it sour.—Sent by MARY ANN ANDREWS, Champaign, Illinois.

### Owing To

BOB: It isn't my fault that I go into debt. It's all owing to other people.—Sent by DOROTHY MCCUTCHEN, Birmingham, Alabama.

### Side-step

TEACHER: Jimmy, what is your favorite flower?

JIMMY: Chrysanthemums.

TEACHER: Spell chrysanthemums.

JIMMY: I changed my mind, Miss Jones. I like roses better.—Sent by IRMA LOU THACKER, Hattiesburg, Mississippi.

### Crime Doesn't Pay



Having heard that fish hooks are used by the Eskimos as money, we can't help feeling a little sorry for the Arctic pickpockets.—Sent by AUDREY GASCHÉ, Long Hill, Connecticut.

### Wise Conclusion



A small boy was holding the leash of a huge Saint Bernard dog as they went up the road.

"Where are you going to take that dog, my boy?" inquired a passerby.

"I—I'm going to see where he wants to go first," was the breathless reply.—Sent by JOANNE MAC DONALD, Braintree, Massachusetts.

### Grievance

MR. TIMKEN: Why are you crying, Angie?

ANGIE: Because my brother has a holiday and I haven't.

MR. TIMKEN: Why don't you have a holiday?

ANGIE: Because I'm not old enough to go to school!—Sent by ANN AHERN, Ilion, New York.



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## THEY SERVE THEIR COUNTRY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40

United States troops fighting near Randazzo, Italy, northwest of Mount Etna, smashed the center of a German line. Pack horses were of great aid in carrying out this operation.

The agility of horse cavalry units in Italy was demonstrated when such a unit found itself surrounded by Germans on three sides. It launched a surprise attack, killed about thirty Germans, captured twenty more, and drove the remainder from their positions. Only one man and one horse were lost by the Americans.

It is estimated that in the battle for Tunisia alone more than two thousand horses and mules were used. The territory in which American troops were fighting was so rugged, so wild that often the motorized equipment could not negotiate the hills and the cavalry reconnaissance and pack trains were pressed into service.

Land war in the South Pacific definitely requires animal transport. Through the swamps and dense jungle undergrowth, mule pack trains hauled supplies to the Allied fighters in Burma, Guadalcanal, and New Guinea. In this section of the country pack horses and mules are frequently moved by transport planes to a spot only a short distance away from the front line action.

The United States is not the only nation which makes good use of horses. The Russians have a million horses trained for war; whole divisions of saber-swinging Russian Cossacks ride at the gallop. China is depending greatly on horses in the building of the Burma Road. In 1939, Poland sent her cavalry against the Germans with only lances for arms. Germany uses many horses for reconnaissance and for the gun teams. Mexico has cavalry units which patrol her borders.

In this war, as in wars which have preceded it, there are those in the Army who feel the mule has definite advantages over the horse. "He is heartier," they will argue. "He

rarely ever gets sick, and he is practically free from colic, that common and dangerous ill of the horse. Foot diseases are rare with him, and he is able to come through exposures that would kill the best horse."

Disagree with these mule devotees, and they will tell you about the battle of Vimy Ridge, in World War I, when twelve teams of mules hauled ammunition to the guns. It was during the worst blizzard of the war, and horses and mules alike were up to their bellies in half frozen mud and snow. The horses died like flies, yet not a mule perished. It was the mules that brought the battery safely out of action.

French troops, invading the Island of Elba, put their okay on mules. They found that the horses they intended to use for the operation suffered from sea-sickness, while the mules proved to be better sailors.

IT IS only right in considering the contributions of horses in time of war, that we remember those faithful Nells and Bills and Old Sorrels who are doing essential work on the farms at home. All the while the horses of war are performing their important duties on the battle front, their brothers and sisters not trained for the rigors of conflict are doing their part on the home front. With a very limited number of tractors on the market, tractor replacement parts hard to get, and gasoline rationed, the farmer's team provides a second line of defense. Our fighting men, our civilians, the peoples of liberated countries, and our Allies must have food, and much of the raising of that food depends on our horse power. More colts are being raised than before Pearl Harbor, that there may be replacements on both farm and battle field. The average life of a horse is fifteen years, but on the battlefield his life expectancy is a matter of only a few days.

## THE SPRUCE POINT MYSTERY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

a fire in the iron stove in the kitchen, also, and over it, on an improvised clothesline, Gerry dried Rita's clothes.

"This would be nice and cozy if we just had something to eat," Rick said, looking around the room at the small-paneled, shuttered windows, the panelled walls, the simple old furniture. "Now that the ghost is laid, the Wrights shouldn't have any trouble renting a picturesque old place like this."

"You and I will have to start Spruce Point Booster's Association to make sure of it," Sam agreed.

IT WAS when they were almost home that the great idea came to Rita. Riding on Sam's toboggan, dry and snug and bundled in blankets, she was making a royal progress. Suddenly she gave a shriek which brought the other three anxiously to her side.

"I've just thought of something," she explained. "My two little brothers are crazy about boats, my father's crazy about fishing,

and my mother's crazy about old houses and furniture!"

"And you're just plain crazy!" Sam said. "Haven't you scared us enough today?" He pretended to mop his brow.

"What I mean is, I think the Wrights' cottage is exactly the place for us next summer. We decided last year that we were sick of the beach. Wouldn't that be super? Then we four could have heaps of fun swimming and everything."

"Super-duper!" agreed Sam fervently, and Rick and Gerry echoed his enthusiasm.

Rita was a darling—she was lots of fun—Gerry told herself. A whole summer with her here would be perfect; and if her family agreed to her plan, it would solve the problem for the Wrights, too. She leaned over and patted the other girl's shoulder. "Just see what you did by breaking through the ice," she cried. "You cleared up the mystery of a haunted house and pulled a nice family out of their financial troubles!"

Rita's eyes sparkled. "Must have been one of those lucky breaks you read about," she said with a grin.





#### WHO'S WHO IN THIS ISSUE

**Margaret Carver Leighton**, author of "The Spruce Point Mystery," was born in Oberlin, Ohio. While she was a baby, her family moved to Cambridge, Massachusetts, where her father was a professor at Harvard for the next thirty-two years. Mrs. Leighton received part of her education abroad and took her A.B. at Radcliffe. She is the mother of four children, a circumstance which provides her with four able critics. Her enthusiasms are her children, her garden, the Pacific Ocean (she now lives in California), camping, horseback riding, and medieval history—about which she has written a book. **Fairfax Downey**, author of the poem "Duncan Phyfe's Tool Chest," likes playing the guitar, singing, fencing, wood chopping, tennis, and the Army. He fought in the first world war, and is at present a sergeant in the New York Guard. Born in Salt Lake City, Utah, he went to Yale, and is the author of "A Comic History of Yale," "Father's First Two Years," "When We Were Rather Older," and other books. **Meg Wohlberg**, illustrator of "For The Land's Sake," the new serial about our old friends, Lucy Ellen Downing and her sister Pat, is a native New Yorker and loves to haunt auction galleries between illustrations. Her main enthusiasm is her dog which, she says, is a very long daschund. Miss Wohlberg draws for a number of young people's publications, and has illustrated many books, among them "Elijah the Fishbite," "Mathilda the Fuzzy Kitten," and "Little Bimbo and the Lion." **Alice Winchester**, who contributes to this issue the article "Duncan Phyfe and his Furniture," is the editor of "Antiques," a publication which is an authority in this field, and the author of the book, "Living with Antiques." Although she was born in Chicago, Miss Winchester is a New Englander by inheritance and a New Yorker by adoption. She attended Smith College and studied at the University of Grenoble and the Sorbonne in Paris. She is fond of American history and devoted to detective stories. **Sylvia Haggender**, illustrator of "Jobs in Girl Scouting," is also a native New Yorker; she received a scholarship from the New York School of Fine and Applied Arts which enabled her to study in Italy and France. She has illustrated a number of books, among them Mrs. Oliver K. Harriman's "Book of Etiquette." Mrs. Haggender's pet enthusiasm is foreign foods and foreign restaurants.

## TREASURE of the INCAS

By CHRISTINE VON HAGEN

Is coming in the February INTERNATIONAL ISSUE

Gold and jewels were not the only treasures the Incas possessed—they had a secret which was to prove invaluable to mankind. This story tells how an Indian girl, trying to help her mistress, stricken with a dread disease, gave the secret to the Spaniards—and to the world.

*Also coming in February*

**Teamwork.** by Mártha Lee Poston, a story about an American girl and a Chinese girl, Nurses' Aides in a hospital in China, who discover that both races have a contribution to make . . . **Holland's "Our Family."** by Eva-Lis Wuorio, a warm and human article about the exiled royal family to whom America has given shelter . . . **Face Values.** by Hazel Rawson Cades, a beauty article you'll want to read for its tips on make-up and care of the skin . . . **Thinking Day.** by Katherine O. Wright, an article about the origin of one of the important anniversaries of Girl Scouting, and its meaning to Scouts and Guides all over the world.



CROWN PRINCESS JULIANA OF THE NETHERLANDS, WITH PRINCESS MARGRIET FRANCISCA—YOU WILL READ ABOUT THEM IN FEBRUARY

## A BOY...A WATER WHEEL...AND A DREAM!

**I**T WORKED! Perhaps no youngster had ever seen a more beautiful sight.

Over a little dam spilled the water of the country ditch. The homemade water wheel began to turn on its rake-handle shaft. Faster and faster it went. And the old coffee mill in the woodshed to which it was connected, began to churn noisily.

Here in this crude, yet successful water wheel was the first moving device ever created by Henry Ford.

Meantime, somewhere inside his inquiring mind, a dream was being born. A dream of other wheels that would one

day lighten the burdens of farm and industry . . . change the transportation habits of the nation.

Down through the years, from water wheels to watches, to steam engines, to gasoline engines, Henry Ford's lively interest in wheels progressed. The rest, of course, is history—the history of America's great automobile industry.

In the half century since the first Ford car was wheeled into Bagley Avenue, Detroit, more than 30 million Ford cars and trucks have been built.

Yet, the thought and spirit that

prompted young Henry Ford to make his experiment with the water wheel long ago, have never been lost sight of at Ford Motor Company. There is still the desire to discover new ways of doing things—the wanting-to-find-out-for-oneself that always results in progress.

Today, this way of thinking, together with the skills gained through more than 40 years experience, are being used to serve America's military needs. In the years ahead, they will assure even finer, more reliable Ford-built automobiles . . . priced within reach of nearly everyone. As Henry Ford has said: "Our times are primitive. True progress is yet to come."

**FORD MOTOR COMPANY**



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